The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 374. Vol. LXIII. NOVEMBER, 1922. Price One Shilling net.

1/- net monthly, except Special Numbers.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles and places abroad, $1 1s. 6d. per annum post free. Canada and Newfoundland, 19/6 per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret that, by inadvertence, we failed to acknowledge in our October Number that the portrait of Anatole France reproduced there, on page 17, from "Anatole France and His Circle," by Paul Gsell (John Lane), is the copyright of the Paris and London Studio.

The December Bookman, a Christmas Special Number, will be a handsome volume (6s. net) which, in literary and artistic quality and variety of interest, will fully maintain the reputation of the Christmas Bookman as the best of the literary Annuals. The contents will include "Shakespeare and His Characters," by George Saintsbury; "Matthew Arnold," by T. Sturge Moore; "Nietzsche and Wagner," by Gerald Cumberland; "A Twentieth Century Genius," by R. L. Mégroz; "Surtees," by S. M. Ellis; "Little Women," by Angela Brazil; "Some Colour-Book Artists," by G. S. Layard; "Humour in Art," by A. St. John Adcock; "The Vaughan Tercentenary," by A. E. Waite; "More Outspoken Essays," by Dr. James Moffatt; "Sir Algernon West," by Lewis Melville; "An American Poet," by Thomas Moult; "Pribbles and Prabbles," by C. E. Lawrence; "Elroy Flecker," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Beachcomber," by Walter Jerrold; "The Modern English Essay," by Gilbert Thomas; "The Hour of Magic," by John Freeman; "Dante and His Critics," by Robert Birkmyre; "David Cox," by Frank Rutter; "Christmas and the Great Composers," by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull; "English Songs from Paris," by Herman Klein; "The Book of the Play," by Graham Sutton; "Caruso," by George Sampson; "Kathlyn Rhodes" (The Bookman Gallery), by W. H. Chesson; four large and copiously illustrated Supplements, dealing with the books of the season, etc. The illustrations will also include a Portfolio of Colour Plates, and many plates by well-known artists in colour and black-and-white.

Mr. Claude Houghton's poetical play, "Judas" (Daniel), which we review in this Number, did not easily find a publisher, but is steadily winning

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recognition as a very considerable achievement. He was born at Sevenoaks in 1889, went to Dulwich College when he was twelve, and six years later started to write verse. Every MS. he offered to anybody during the next four years was unfailingly declined, and he owns he is no longer sorry that this was so. In 1914 the Army rejected him on account of defective eyesight, and early in 1915 he joined the Civil Service. His first book, "The Phantom Host," published by Elkin Mathews in 1917, was written amid the stress of official duties that kept him busy till eleven every night. His second, "The Tavern of Dreams," published by Grant Richards in 1919, was finished two years before. "Judas" was written in 1918, the first two acts in Greek Street, Soho, where De Quincey lived when he wrote an essay on Judas Iscariot, and the third in Devonshire. Mr. Houghton says that "Judas" is chiefly associated in his mind with air-raids. On many occasions, while he was working on those two first acts of the play, the maroons exploded, and gathering up his MS. he would sally forth to the theatre where his wife was performing, in order to keep her company. Having revised and rewritten the whole work, he started early in 1920 to look for a publisher. Several were polite and complimentary, but drew the line at that. For two years he continued his quest, then "Judas" was accepted by Messrs. C. W. Daniel, who published it last April, and the book is now in a second edition. Having lately completed another volume of verse, Mr. Houghton is at present engaged on a new play.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. A. E. Housman,** whose "Last Poems" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

A new novel by Mr. Keble Howard, "King of the Castle," the first long novel he has written since the war, will be published this month by Messrs. Arrowsmith of Bristol, who were the publishers of his first book, "The Chicot Papers," in 1901. Mr. Keble Howard has been living for some time past at Hove, but is shortly coming back to town and taking up residence again in London.

If you are interested in the men who write books as well as in the books they write, you will get good entertainment from "When Winter Comes to Main Street," by Grant Overton, which is published by the George H. Doran Company, of New York. Overton deals only with authors whose works in America bear the Doran imprint, but such a book was bound to have a limit of some sort, and might as well have that as another; and quite a large percentage of his authors belong to this (at present) distressful country. It is a blend of criticism and personal talk that makes the kind of pleasant, familiar gossip all of us read, though severely literary persons, who seem above these frivolities, only do so when nobody is looking.

After all, even the most gifted writer is as human as the rest of us, and it is natural and healthful that we should have a neighbourly curiosity about each other. So, unless you know it already, you will be glad to be told by Mr. Overton that Rebecca West's new novel, "The Judge" (which we recently reviewed) "is certainly autobiographical in some of the material employed," for she "went to school in Edinburgh, attending an institution not unlike John Thompson's Ladies' College referred to in 'The Judge,'" and, like her heroine, she used to be an ardent suffragette. You will be glad to be reminded of the apologia for his outlook on life and for his own stories by Thomas Burke, whose new book, "The London Spy," is due from Thornton Butterworth; of Somerset Maugham's successes, after his rise to fame with "Liza of Lambeth," and of the doings and opinions of many another who has written books, in prose or verse, that have proved something more than books of the week.

There is a capital dissertation on Arnold Bennett ("Audacious Mr. Bennett"), whose "Lilian" has just been published here by Cassells. Bennett is a self-made author, and has explained in two or three wise and witty books how the thing was done, so that anybody with his energy, determination, practical common sense and incidental imaginative gifts can likewise go and do it. But it is not easy. Bennett worked for some years before he had sufficiently found his feet in free-lance journalism to drop work in a London lawyer's office and make a living, and that at first a spare one, with his pen. "When he was thirty-one his first novel, 'The Man

from the North,' was published, both in England and America, and with the excess of the profits over the cost of typewriting he bought a new hat. At the end of the following year he wrote in his diary: 'This year I have written 335,340 words, grand total: 224 articles and stories, and four instalments of a serial called "The Gates of Wrath" have actually been published, and also my book, of plays, "Polite Farces." My work included six or eight short stories not yet published, also the greater part of a 55,000 word serial, "Love and Life," for Tillotsons, and the whole draft, 80,000 words, of my Staffordshire novel, "Anna Tellwright."' This last was not published in book form till 1902 under the title of 'Anna of the Five Towns,' but in the ten years that had elapsed since he came to London, Bennett had risen from a clerk at six dollars a week to be a successful editor, novelist, dramatist, critic, connoisseur of all arts with a comfortable suburban residence." It was his twelfth novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," that carried him beyond all that and put him among the famous.

Lady Susan Townley,

whose "The 'Indiscretions' of Lady Susan" (Thornton Butterworth) is reviewed in this Number.

Three other novelists who figure in Mr. Overton's pages are Hugh Walpole and Stephen McKenna, whose new novels we review this month, and Frank Swinnerton, whose "The Three Lovers" Methuens are publishing. Overton quotes Arnold Bennett's description of Walpole as "a man of youthful appearance, rather dark, with a spacious forehead, a very highly sensitised organisation, and that reassuring matter-of-factness of demeanour which one usually does find in an expert. He was then busy at his task of seeing London. He seems to give about one-third of the year to the tasting of all the heterogeneous sensations which London can provide for the connoisseur and two-thirds to the exercise of his vocation in some withdrawn spot in Cornwall that nobody, save a postman or so and Mr. Walpole, has ever beheld. During one month it is impossible to 'go out' in London without meeting Mr. Walpole—and then for a long period he is a mere legend of dinner tables. He returns to the dinner tables with a novel complete." Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, who describes him as an optimist, with a great love for and a great belief in human nature, says that it is one of his superstitions that "he should always begin his novels on Christmas Eve. He has always done so, and believes it brings him luck." He was born in Auckland, the son of Bishop Walpole, and came home with his family to settle in the cathedral town of Durham when he was twelve. "'The Cathedral,' as his new book is called," writes Mr. Overton, "rests the whole of its effect upon just such an edifice as young Hugh was familiar with."

Mr. Keble Howard,

whose new novel, "King of the Castle," Messrs. Arrowsmith are publishing.

This is Mr. Overton's own portrait of Stephen McKenna, and it is as accurate as it is vivid, though McKenna is much too reticent to have allowed it to be printed if he had been given a chance of putting his pen through it: "In person, Stephen McKenna

is tall, with a slender figure, Irish blue eyes, fair hair, regular features and a Dante profile. He has an engaging and very courteous address, a sympathetic manner, a ready but always urbane wit and great conversational charm. He possesses the rare accomplishment of 'talking like a book.' His intimates are legion; and, apart from these, he knows every one who counts in London society. He is never known to lose his temper; and it is doubtful whether he has ever had cause to lose it." There Overton is wrong. I know of at least one occasion when he had cause to lose it, but did not.

Mr. Edwin F. Edgett,
Literary Editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript.*

Says Grant Overton: "It is as an analyst of lovers, I think, that Frank Swinnerton claims and holds his place among those whom we still sometimes call the younger novelists of England." If I thought the same, I should not dare to tell Swinnerton that in those words; he has a streak of frivolity in him and would either laugh at me or, with a deceptive gravity, consult me as to the desirability of affixing a brass plate to his front door proclaiming: "FRANK SWINNERTON. *Analyst of Lovers.* Office hours 10 to 4." As a matter of fact, Swinnerton is much more than that and, to give you an idea of how much more, I, like Overton, fall back on Arnold Bennett, whose appreciations are the more valuable because they are not too general. He says that when "The Casement" came to him, he left it unread for weeks, then, picking it up, "I had read, without fatigue, but on the other hand without passionate eagerness, about a hundred pages before the thought occurred suddenly to me: 'I do not remember having yet come across a ready-made phrase in this story.' Such was my first definable thought concerning Frank Swinnerton. I hate ready-made phrases, which, in my view—and in that of Schopenhauer—are the sure mark of a mediocre writer. I began to be interested. I soon said to myself: 'This fellow has style.' I then perceived that the character-drawing was both subtle and original, the atmosphere delicious, and the movement of the tale very original, too. The novel stirred me—not by its powerfulness, for it did not set out to be powerful—but by its individuality and distinction. I thereupon wrote to Frank Swinnerton. I forget entirely what I said. But I know that I decided that I must meet him. . . . He proved to be young; I dare say twenty-four or twenty-five—medium height, medium looks, medium clothes, somewhat reddish hair, and lively eyes. If I had seen him in a motor-bus I should never have said, 'A remarkable chap'—no more than if I had seen myself in a motor-bus. . . . I was as much pleased by what he didn't say as by what he said; quite as much by the indications of the stock inside as by the display in the windows . . . I now know Swinnerton—probably as well as any man knows him; I have penetrated into the interior of the shop. He has done several things since I first knew him—rounded the corner of thirty, grown a beard, under the orders of a doctor, and physically matured. He is still in the business of publishing, being one of the principal personages in the ancient and well-tried firm of Chatto & Windus." Mr. Bennett testifies, too, that Swinnerton excels not only in fiction, "he also excels in literary criticism." To say nothing of his miscellaneous reviewing, his "George Gissing" and his devastating study of Stevenson prove that. I agree with Grant Overton that "Nocturne" is Swinnerton's masterpiece, so far, but that other of his novels are more characteristic of him—notaby "Coquette," "September" and "Shops and Houses."

Another book that has come to me from America is "Slings and Arrows," by Edwin Francis Edgett, literary editor of that admirable journal, *The Boston Evening Transcript.* Editors seldom write poetry, either because they haven't time, or can't afford to. But Edwin F. Edgett does it; he writes little poems in his paper as another might write little leaders. He does not do things that would justify him in not having his hair cut; he just surveys mankind, not from China to Peru, but round about where he lives and, with a quiet humour and irony, shoots folly as it flies, or walks, or sits at home, or worries him in his office. He does this in lines which he says "are not verse, either free or shackled," but masquerade in that form:

"For the obvious purpose
Of hitting the eye
Of the reader
With the sense
Or nonsense

Of their prose reflections
Upon certain ways
Of masculine and feminine
Humankind."

Sometimes he writes "shop"; as when he comments on the get-up of the lady novelists who pose for the photographer; or when, reflecting on the frequent invocation, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," he feels it would be better to say:

"Oh, that my friends
Would write
No more books"—

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh Walpole,**
whose new novel, "The Cathedral" (Macmillan), is reviewed in this Number.

or, protesting that "Editors have some rights," declares that a contributor is welcome

"To no editorial haunts
If he rolls his manuscript"—

or as when he crushes "The Uplifter"; or, inconsistently writing in what looks like free verse, scarifies "The Pomeless Poet" who, unlike the poet of old days, writes "Prose":

"And by simply
Calling it
Free verse,
Or something
Equally indefinable,
He places himself
Or is placed by others
In the halls
Of the great."

The worst of free verse is that it takes up such a lot of space, otherwise I would like to extract some of Mr. Edgett's wry comments on things and people in general. As it is, there is only room left to say the book is cleverly illustrated by Dwight Taylor, and that if you want to be pleasantly entertained for an hour in reading a series of shrewd, tabloid satires in free and easy verse on familiar details of everyday life, you should send a dollar and a half to the Brimmer Company, of Boston, and get "Slings and Arrows."

THE BOOKMAN.

"The Unfortunate Colonel Despard, and Other Essays," a new volume of historical studies by Sir Charles Oman, will be published by Messrs. Edward Arnold in December.

Messrs. Leonard Parsons have just added to their Contemporary series a study of "Some Contemporary Artists," by Frank Rutter.

Drawn by R. J. Swan. **Mr. Stephen McKenna,**
whose new novel, "Soliloquy" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Fred Lambourn, the hero of "The Tactless Man," by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall (7s. 6d. net; Duckworth), was devoid not so much of tact as of sense. And the whole cast of this complicated comedy appear to have been touched by the sun. We start in Lambourn's country house. Fred is very much in love with his wife, Frances (a painful lady), but she is not very in love with him. She esteems him highly, which we do not, but that is all. There is also a visitor, one Clara, and a sister—Anna. To prove his love for his wife, Lambourn departs ("elopes" is not the word, for the business is strictly proper) with Clara to California. His intention is to make her a great film actress. To show you how "film-stars" may be misjudged you now learn that in California Clara and Fred reside in the same house yet without offence—except to the theory of probabilities. Fred is so busy making the fortune of Clara that he has no time to guard his own. His business goes to the dogs. Also Clara has expensive habits. This prompts the brisk young lady to marry a rich old German Jew, who beats her. So she carries on with a lover, and has a child. All seems turning out for the best, however, for the old Jew dies; but he leaves his vengeance behind him, and all his money willed away from the faithless Clara. Fred now remembers that he has a wife in England, and that he loves her. So he returns to the fold, a sadder, but not obviously a wiser man. The only person in the book who is in the least degree likeable or believable is Clara. The others are puppets. As for the tale—well, we have told you that. Nevertheless, Mrs. Dowdall has the knack of easy narrative; and if the tale was first of all published in serial form, perhaps its *non sequiturs* were not then as glaring as they are now.

"The Etchings of Charles Meryon," by Campbell Dodgson, M.A., C.B.E., edited by Geoffrey Holme (£2 2s.; *The Studio*), is a magnificent book, which will give joy to all admirers of Meryon. It opens with articles on the early life and the early etchings; continuing through the Paris etchings, and others of the fifties, to the last work. Here will be found, in the set of etchings reproduced, all that are of importance, including the fine *Rue des Toiles à Bourges*, the simple, splendid "*Porte d'un ancien Couvent, Bourges*," the masterpiece "*L'Abaide*," for which higher sums are paid to-day than for any other etching, except some of Rembrandt's. Altogether a valuable and most fascinating volume.

A "Cambridge History of India" brings its own wel-

come with it most of all when it is planned on the same broad and catholic lines as the same university's "Modern" and the "Mediæval" series. No time could be more appropriate than the present, when the very foundations of British influence in India are being overhauled, and there is good reason for showing that there is nothing in the extreme pro-native cry that we have been unmindful of her past. The very faction which is now trying to turn epic fables into serious claims and to pretend that the pre-European era of India was a golden age are indebted for half their facts to Western historians like the late Sir Henry Maine, one of the wisest and most devoted of Anglo-Indian pioneers. Maine will doubtless find due honour when we come to the modern ages; for the present we are content with this first volume of six (42s. net per volume) which brings us down from remote antiquity to the Christian era. Professor Rapson has well assembled the nearly thirty chapters by various experts in chronological order, and equipped them with an admirable apparatus of maps, plates, bibliographies and tables of numismatic evidence and monuments. If there is a fault apparent—and it is less a fault, perhaps, than a tendency—it is on the editor's part to yield to the side of least resistance, and give rein to the drier and more learned presentment of things. Professor Rhys Davids has made a masterly beginning of a great task.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ERNEST RAYMOND.

TO produce two successful novels within twelve months is an achievement which would occasion no surprise if they were from the pen of a long-practised hand, but coming from a young curate quite unknown to the world of letters, immersed in the daily duties of his parish, and without experience either in journalism or short story writing, the event—even in these days of flooded presses—prompts inquiry as to their author and their origin.

Before the appearance of his first novel, "Tell England,"* early this year, the name of Ernest Raymond was unknown beyond the borders of Brighton. It is true that in the previous year he acted as an associate editor, with Mr. H. M. Walbrook, of the Sussex number of "The Poetry Review," to which he contributed two poems entitled "The Psalm of the Fal-side Warriors" and "Loveliness Too Full," and a short article on "New Verse from Sussex." In this he remarked that the green places of Sussex have always been a nursery for poets and that the county will always breed true singers as long as its rolling weald sweeps to the South Downs, and as long as sheep move slowly over those Downs at sunset.

Sussex, too, is proud of that goodly list of men and women novelists who have found their inspiration in these majestic and silent Downs, but Mr. Raymond's name does not fall into that list, for, though in "Rossenal"* (also published this year) some of the action takes place in Sussex, his work has not grown from Sussex soil.

Although "Tell England" was an immediate success—to use a stereotyped phrase—and was one of the most widely-discussed novels of the season, the fact that its creator was a curate has been apt to be overlooked. Certainly no one who read the book would identify Mr. Raymond with the conventional idea of a meek and timid parson, or with Gilbert's "mildest curate going." On the other hand, if, when reading the story, you knew the author to be a curate you would rapidly conclude that he must be typical of the curate of the new day—born of the war maybe—a type which has attained to a greater vision, and which has rejected the old narrowness, the old prejudice, and the old intolerance.

Like David, the hero of "Rossenal," Mr. Raymond has cherished the ambition since boyhood to write a book, and for him that day arrived with the coming of the war. As a boy he was educated at St. Paul's School; for three years he was a schoolmaster at Eastbourne, then passed on to Chichester Theological College, and within a month of being ordained he was given a chaplaincy. He saw active service in Gallipoli with the 10th Manchesters and was present at the evacuation. The following year he went to Egypt and was sent with the Desert Column that conquered the wilderness of Sinai, and entered Palestine. Later, he was at the Battle of Passchendaele, was ordered to Mesopotamia, joined the "Hush-Hush" Brigade in Persia, and in 1919 was with our troops in Russia.

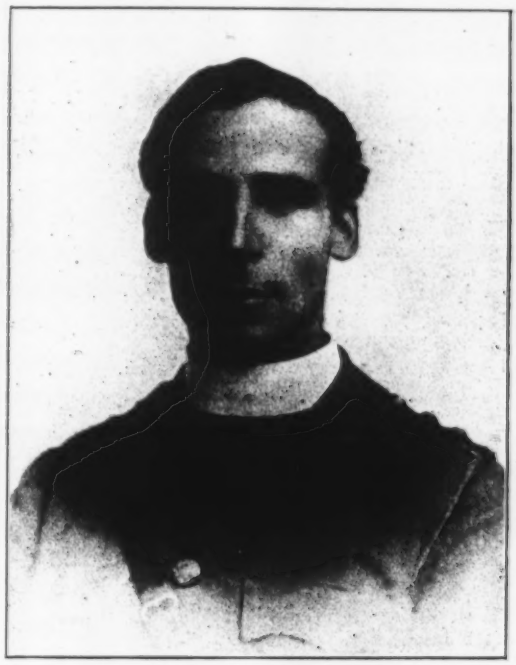
A few days ago he told me of the genesis of "Tell England." It was while he was on a flat-bottomed steamer pushing up the Tigris on a week's journey to Baghdad, watching the muddy current rushing past the boat's hull towards the Persian Gulf, that he began to wonder if it were possible to give, if not the present generation, perhaps the generation to come, a vivid entry into the experience of the passing of those hundreds of boys, who fell in the Great War, into the dark land of Unfulfilment.

> "On the *Redbreast* we leaned upon the rail, looking back. The boat began to steam away, and Monty, knowing with whom the thoughts of both of us lay, said quietly:
>
> "'Tell England——' You must write a book and tell 'em, Rupert, about the dead schoolboys of your generation——
>
> 'Tell England, ye who pass this monument,
> We died for her, and here we rest content.'"

This passage from the book itself describes the story precisely. Its three young heroes, Edgar Gray Doe, Rupert Ray, and Archibald Pennybet, were designed to be the type of their generation, and "Tell England" is the joyous, tragic history of their brief career from school days to death on battle-fields. There is no plot in this novel; it is just the record of these happy public schoolboys suddenly taken from playing-fields to trench,

* (Cassell.)

mud, and the horrors of war. Mr. Raymond has told me that when he started writing he could not stop, nor keep pace with his surging ideas. He had no sense of inventing the doings of his heroes; he simply watched and reported them faithfully. Sometimes he tried to make them do certain things, but they resisted his pressure, and went their own way. That is why it is a novel without a plot—these things had to be written because they happened: to use the author's own words: "I could not lie about them; I could not fight against Truth."



Mr. Ernest Raymond.

The first half of the book is occupied with an account of life at Kensingtowe, "the finest school in England," and, like other writers of school stories, Mr. Raymond, because he has dared to draw his schoolboys as "sentimental" has been charged with "sentimentalism." He is, however, impenitent, and believes that they live in a fool's paradise who think that the average young boy is highly masculine. On the contrary, he takes the view that boys are strangely feminine—which is not the same as effeminate—and maintains that the real sentimentalist is the one who funks the issue that the schoolboy is shy and sentimental. Some of the characters are confessedly sentimental and must continue to be. But (and here I again use Mr. Raymond's own words) "if by sentimentalism is meant an abdication of hard brain-control in the interest of emotion or prettiness, then, indeed, it is the touch of death, for the author has betrayed Truth. That is why, it seems to me, the Happy Ending is often criminally sentimental—it is a betrayal. But if the author allows himself only an indulgence towards the sentiment of his characters, convinced that they are none the less attractive for this quality, and spices his indulgence with a flavour of irony, then surely he has retained his soul."

But if some of his critics have quarrelled with Mr. Raymond on this account, "Tell England" as a whole rings true. It is full of inspiration and of a courage that dares to face not only the national issues of the time, but also those spiritual doubts and agonies which beset both the young men who went cheerfully to the trenches and the parents who silently bore the sacrifice of the nation's youth. Its penetrative analysis of the feelings and thoughts of that gallant procession on its march to almost inevitable doom contains passages of moving beauty and tenderness which must have brought consolation to many desolate homes, and though, as Padre Monty says, "we have sown the world with the broken dreams and spilled ambitions of a generation of schoolboys," one closes the book with the conviction that the sacrifice was not in vain. This is what Rupert writes, sitting on the floor of his dug-out in a Belgian trench; to-morrow he is to go over the top: "In the Mediterranean on a summer day, I learned that I was to pursue beauty like the Holy Grail. And I see it now in everything. I know that, just as there is far more beauty in nature than ugliness, so there is more goodness in humanity than evil. There is more happiness in life than pain. . . . Life is good—else why should we cling to it as we do?—oh, yes, we surely do, especially when the chances are all against us. Life is good, and youth is good. I have had twenty glorious years."

Sometimes, in this wonderful tribute to the junior subaltern of the war, the boy officer under sentence of death, who was "so boyishly unconscious of his grandeur all the time," Mr. Raymond comes near to the realm of true poetry; he gives us both an epic of human suffering and a story of that valiant, gallant spirit that has made England great.

"Rossenal" belongs to a totally different category: "Tell England" was a novel without a heroine, but here we have a love story, and in this second novel it is again the spirit of youth, its freshness, its quickness, and its eternal vitality that reveals itself and stamps the book with the author's individuality. Again are we given an account of the hero as a schoolboy, this time at Westminster, and we watch David's development from the time when he suffers from the night terrors of childhood. There follow, through the death of Sir Gordon Hay—his father—disappointed hopes of Oxford, a brief experience in a humble capacity at the Army and Navy Stores, some time spent as a junior master at an Eastbourne school, the dawn of love, aspirations towards authorship, an exploration trip to Persia, his return and marriage to Eileen, and a career as a writer.

As will be seen from this brief sketch, there is nothing in the plot to lend distinction to the book, and yet it holds the reader to the end. It is an engaging, pleasant story, containing some unpleasant revelations, such, for instance, as David's parentage and Sir Gordon Hay's relations with Mrs. Macassa and Madame Chartreuse, David's mother. These may not be pleasing characters, but they are realised and revealed with great skill; it is David himself, however, who makes the book.

The successor to a successful first novel always invites inquiry as to ultimate achievement, and there will be many of Mr. Raymond's readers who will wonder if he has in his first efforts reached the limit to his powers. From my own reading of him—apart from the eulogies his work has received from the Press and the public—I have no doubt he will travel far, and that he is destined to rank with the greatest of our writers of fiction. W. H.

THE READER.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

MR. CHESTERTON'S friend, Mr. Edmund Clerihew, whose biographical masterpiece G. K. C. adorns with certain curious cuts, complains that Mr. Belloc's activities have been distributed in too many directions; and that the public are inapt to do that author the justice which can so easily be rendered to the author of "Lucy's Flower Garden," "More Flowers of Lucy's," "Lucy's Nettle-bed," etc., or to the no less celebrated novelist who wrote, in a severer style of realism, "The Soap Box," "Suds," "The Sink," "Drains," "Cesspools" and other masterly works in analytic fiction. Mr. Chesterton himself is chargeable with the same offence as that committed by Mr. Belloc. It is not easy to know what he will be doing next: it is not easy for anyone to be certain, when Chesterton is mentioned, that the same idea is presented to the speaker and the hearers. To one man G. K. C. may mean nothing but the writer of causeries; to another it will mean the author of the "Father Brown" stories; to another the apologist for Orthodoxy; to another the political controversialist; to another the poet who has given us some of the best love poems of the century; to another the man who wrote a history of England without dates; to another the man who has written some of the justest literary criticism of our day in his "Browning," his "Dickens," in "The Victorian Age in English Literature," and in some dozen of scattered appreciations and introductions. All these Chestertons have produced good work; but the most essential Chesterton is, to my mind, to be found in the poems.

Photo by Central News. **G. K. Chesterton.**

II.

It must be over twenty years ago that "The Wild Knight" was first published in that pleasant series of Grant Richards which included among its early volumes Alfred Douglas's "City of the Soul" and a book of a poet now almost and unjustly forgotten, Nora Hopper. I was at Oxford when "The Wild Knight" appeared, and the sentiment it created was very genuine, if not very widespread, for Oxford in those days had not the zest for poetry which it has subsequently showed. I do not know that sufficient justice has yet been done to that volume. It contained youthful and crude things; but there is scarcely a poem in the book which does not contain an idea, not a poem which is not sincerely felt, not a poem which does not obviously display character instead of attitude—and how rare that was in the early days of the century. The book had one rare gift. It combined sincerity with rhetoric. Mr. Chesterton is the only considerable poet of our time who is at once not afraid of rhetoric, and who uses it to display his feelings instead of to hide his lack of them. It is a natural mode with him; and it brings many of his poems far nearer in spirit to the Greek than are the works of deliberately Hellenising authors. The same spirit is shown in some of his later satirical poems, and also in those great ballads of fighting of which, in "The Wild Knight," the ballad of Joshua and the Kings is so good an example. Then, in that book, there was a subtle use of the language, the ornament and the rhythm of the decadent school, in defence of common things. Mr. Chesterton could praise grass in the tones others used to hymn orchids; he sings of wine and beer when others chant love songs to absinthe; and he meditates on the possible ruins of Euston Station ("What giant race reared these Cyclopean arches to the sky?") with a fervour which the decadent kept for the ruins of Babylon or the broken visage of the Gizeh Sphinx. Influences in the book were evident, not only of the French and English decadents, but of Blake, of Swinburne and of the old ballads. In this volume too—in "The Lemon Tree," for instance—are many signs of the obscurity to which Mr. Chesterton has yielded too much in some of his later work; an obscurity which springs from impatience and a certain inability to resist his own verbal music. Since that first book we have had from Mr. Chesterton "The Ballad of the White Horse" (1911), "Poems" (1915), the little book of songs from "The Flying Inn" (1915) and now "The Ballad of St. Barbara,"* which contains the verse he has written or left uncollected since the volume of 1915.

There is nothing in this volume as good as the love poems of that volume, nothing as certain to live as the great ballad about King Alfred; and there are certain poems which I think Mr. Chesterton would have been well advised not to reprint, poems which are almost like parodies of himself. When that is said, the true Chestertonian's feeling for this volume will be one of pure thankfulness. I say the true Chestertonian—for there will always be some grey-minded, secluded, somnolent souls who will shy away from G. K. C., just as they shy away from scarlet, or trumpets. For Mr. Chesterton's poems are, whatever else they are or are not, a gay noise, a jolly noise, a sound as of the music played outside the fiery furnace of Daniel;

* "The Ballad of St. Barbara." 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

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for Mr. Chesterton's voice also disguises the fire of a great furnace, and behind all his rhetoric is heat. In his recent book on his visit to America,* Mr. Chesterton refers to "the suggestion of some verses that I shall never finish, 'If I ever go back to Baltimore'"; and it was a glorious surprise to find the poem, finished, in this new volume. It is not perhaps the best poem in the book, but it has the unmistakable pathos, the sense of something beyond, of some inexplicable and not quite comprehensible beauty which haunts Mr. Chesterton's Muse. It is called "Memory":

"If I ever go back to Baltimore,
The city of Maryland,
I shall miss again as I missed before
A thousand things of the world in store,
The story standing in every door
That beckons with every hand.

"I shall not know when the bonds were riven
And a hundred faiths set free,
When a wandering Cavalier had given
Her hundredth name to the Queen of Heaven
And made oblation of feuds forgiven
To Our Lady of Liberty.

"I shall not travel the tracks of fame
When the war was not to the strong;
When Lee the last of the heroes came
With the men of the South and a flag like flame,
And called the land by its lovely name
In the unforgotten songs.

"If ever I cross the sea and stray
To the city of Maryland,
I will sit on a stone and watch and pray
For a stranger's child that was there one day;
And the child will never come back to play
And no one will understand."

Photo by F. A. Swaine. **G. K. Chesterton.**

There are some of Mr. Chesterton's most effective satires, some of his most irresistible gibes in verse in this book; the title poem has beautiful passages in it, things for which he blends gravity of purpose with a rare passion of language, but as a whole it is obscure and rather inconsequent.

III.

In an earlier poem of Mr. Chesterton's may be found the key to his whole philosophy, a philosophy which has often been stupidly attacked and ignorantly defended. He took a phrase from an early poem of Mr. Yeats as a challenge, and wrote "The Mortal Answer":

"The strange strong cry in the darkness
Of one man praising God,
That out of the night and nothing,
With travail of birth he came
To stand one hour in the sunlight
Only to say her name.

"Falls through her hair the sunshine
In showers; it touches, see,
Her high bright cheek in turning;
Ah, Elfin Company,
The world is hot and cruel,
We are weary of heart and hand,
But the world is more full of glory
Than you can understand."

All Mr. Chesterton's novels are tributes to the glory he has found in the world. He has sometimes, I think, found it at the expense of truth. The great fault of his novels is that, with all his powers, Mr. Chesterton has very little gift for characterisation. He not only sees the world as a world of types; he believes that his vision is praiseworthy, and in his book on America praises the American people because it believes in an immoral class at the top as well as at the bottom of society, whereas the English only believe in an immoral class at the bottom. The truth is, of course, if you hold to Christian philosophy, there is no criminal class, nor any other class—only sinners, distinctive, individual, varying in responsibility, but each separate and entitled to entirely separate treatment. Mr. Chesterton as an author is always forgetting this. His writings on the feminist question are full of the assumption that because a woman takes a personal, un-principled interest in things, therefore she should not vote; he ignores altogether the point of view of those who believe that there is no healthy political future possible until the world accepts and adopts that feminine attitude towards politics—if it be feminine. It is, this tendency of his mind to generalise, responsible for the gravest inconsistencies in his thought. He praises and loves the peasant, who almost always takes this personal attitude to great questions: and he is, no doubt, glad that this trait in the peasant has checkmated Bolshevist theory in Russia. The novels, then, suffer to my mind because the characters in them are not sufficiently individualised—they are fantastic prose-lyrics rather than novels; but in some, and in the short stories written around Father Brown, Mr. Chesterton shows a Dickensian capacity for the invention of "characters"; his talent for the grotesque and the whimsical is one of the most charming things to meet in a literary world so given over to the drab and the dull.

There is no space to attempt any adequate discussion of Mr. Chesterton as a critic. His soundness, his wide knowledge and his very sensitive taste are sometimes forgotten by people who do not associate the exuberant and the exquisite. Yet exquisite, in its proper sense, is the right word for much of the books on Browning, on Dickens, on Watts, for the essays in "Twelve Types" and later volumes of collected prose. There are two distinctive features in Mr. Chesterton's criticism which make it remarkable in our time: he never forgets the

* "What I Saw in America." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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European standpoint, and he never makes the gross but still very common error of censuring a sonnet because it is a very poor detective story. I do not know where you will find a better introduction to the peculiar virtues and faults of Victorian literature than in the little book Mr. Chesterton contributed to the Home University Library. It has one grave blunder—the treatment of Mr. Hardy; in his pages on that author Mr. Chesterton repeats the error he so often makes in his political writing, he insufficiently accounts for the personal equation, and I must say that I have sometimes suspected that the pages were written from an insufficient acquaintance with Mr. Hardy's work. He was not, it is true, dealing with his poems; but the mere memory of "The Dynasts" should have given him pause before he penned the phrase, "a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." As a rule in this book Mr. Chesterton employs at its highest his splendid faculty for getting a man into a phrase; many have stolen, since he wrote it, that sentence which sums up his view of Ruskin: "It is not quite unfair to say of him that he seemed to want all parts of the Cathedral except the altar"; or there is his comment on the choice of Beardsley to illustrate the "Morte D'Arthur": "They might as well have employed Burne-Jones to illustrate 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'" There are few better illustrations of the European outlook than the beginning of the chapter on the Victorian poets, in which Mr. Chesterton arraigns the provincialism of England in the nineteenth century. Here perhaps is one of his greatest services to our age, that while the decadents of the nineties may shock their parents and the burgesses by insisting on the fascinations of Paris, Mr. Chesterton led the revolt against our insularity by insisting on the rights of France and of Europe. He may be an apostle of nationality, and of the sword; but he fights for union, and he rejoices in the beauty of the diversity he advocates.

JAMES GRANT.

By S. M. Ellis.

THIS year marks the birth centenary of James Grant, the military novelist, who was born on August 1st, 1822, in Edinburgh. He must not be confused with his namesake and contemporary and fellow-Scotsman, James Grant (1802–1879), the editor of *The Morning Advertiser*, and an acquaintance of Dickens in his early days as a parliamentary reporter. During their lifetime there was, inevitably, confusion about the two James Grants, much to their indignation, for though both were authors, their styles were widely different: the one wrote dashing romances of love and war, the other religious books bearing titles such as "God is Love" and "Grace and Glory." Consequently the fury of each author can be imagined when some remark was made about the amazing fertility and versatility of James Grant who, within a few days, had produced two widely different works—the first, perchance, relating the reprehensible escapades and amours of a gay young cavalier in the time of Charles II, and the second providing devotional solace for people who never read novels.

James Grant as a youth.
From a portrait in the possession of Mr. Francis Grant.

As Sir Walter Scott said, "Every Scottishman has a pedigree," and that of James Grant, the military novelist, now claims some attention. He was in direct descent from John Grant of Freuchie, the common ancestor also of the Ogilvie-Grants, Earls of Seafield. The novelist's great-grandfather, Alexander Grant, of Corrimony in Urquhart, Inverness, was a Jacobite of 1745; he married Jean Ogilvy of Kempcairn, and their son (the novelist's grandfather), James Grant (1743–1835), became a noted Scotch Advocate, and the author of "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael and Observations on the Poems of Ossian," 1814. He had a gift for friendship, and though he lived to the age of ninety-two, "he retained his faculties to the last, and from the extent and variety of his attainments was a delightful companion." Like his father before him, he was an ardent Jacobite; but he was born too late for any active part in the attempts to restore the Stuarts, and his Jacobitism was probably that of the kind described in Scott's "Redgauntlet." However, it may be assumed that it was from his lips that James Grant the younger gleaned those stories and that enthusiasm for the Jacobite cause which recur so constantly in his literary work, for the future romance writer was thirteen by the time his picturesque old grandfather departed this life.

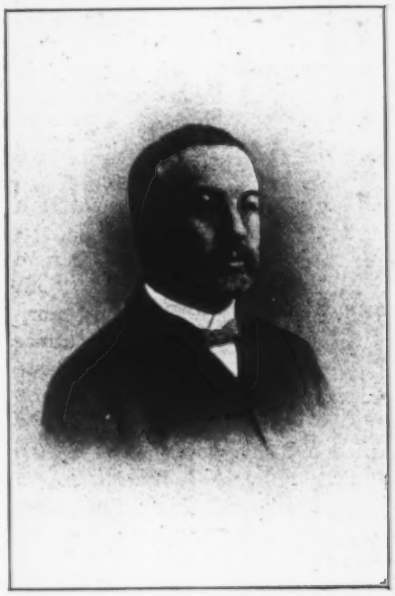
The novelist was the son of Captain John Grant, of the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders), by his marriage with Mary Ann Watson. The mother provided further interesting consanguinity, for her father, Captain Andrew Watson, of the 57th, was a second cousin of Sir Walter Scott; and, through the Veitches of Peebleshire, James Grant's Border strain of blood was to bring him a distinguished third cousin in the person of the present Earl Haig. Sir Walter Scott, James Grant and Lord Haig all have a common ancestor in Sir John Swinton of Swinton. It was Mrs. Margaret

Swinton who figured in Walter Scott's tale, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

James Grant's mother died when he was very young, and his father, Captain Grant, being appointed to a command in Newfoundland in 1833, took his three young sons with him. Six years were spent in transatlantic barracks, where no doubt the youthful James acquired much military information which proved useful in later literary work. The family returned to Scotland in 1839, and in the following year, James Grant, at the age of eighteen, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 62nd Foot on the recommendation of Lord Hill, with whom his father had served in the Peninsular War. He joined the provisional battalion at Chatham, but his actual experience of the Army lasted but a short time, for he resigned his commission in 1843. He then entered the office of Mr. Rhind, architect, of Edinburgh, where he soon became a skilful draughtsman.

At this same time his literary abilities were developing and he commenced to write "The Romance of War, or the Highlanders in Spain," which was largely based on anecdotes related to him by his father, who had fought with the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders) during the Peninsular War. For a narrative at second hand, the work was excellently done, vivacious and picturesque in style, displaying the lights and shades of the ever changing panorama of the great campaign, and incidentally detailing every aspect of active military service of the period described. The book was published in 1846, and though the young author of twenty-four only received, it is said, £20 from the publisher Colburn, it was very successful, so much so that a continuation was called for, which duly appeared in 1847, relating the services of the Gordon Highlanders in France and Belgium to the time of Waterloo. In 1847 he also published "The Phantom Regiment," and now successfully started on his literary road, James Grant, during the next fourteen years, produced a series of books of remarkable merit in view of their number. Inevitably he exhausted his vein of talent as time went on; in later life he often wrote three novels a year. His total output in forty years was sixty-one novels, and twelve works of historical records. His amount of fiction thus exceeded that written by G. P. R. James who was the prolific author of fifty-six novels; but James's miscellaneous works bring his total to eighty-seven books, thus beating James Grant's total of seventy-three. These figures may be impressive as evidence of energy, ingenuity and mental power, but are deplorable from an artistic point of view. No man has it in him to write more than twelve or so superlative books.

James Grant
at about the age of 45.
From a photograph sent by Mr. Francis Grant.



James Grant
at about the age of 58.
From a photograph sent by Mr. Francis Grant.

To return to Grant's early and best work, perhaps the most characteristic of his dashing style is "Harry Ogilvie, or the Black Dragoon," a most excellent romance of Edinburgh in 1650–1, when the youthful Charles II was in the austere grip of the Covenanters. Equally good is "The Scottish Cavalier," 1850, which pictures Edinburgh nearly forty years later, and relates the adventures of the loyalists who fought for King James II (and VII of Scotland) after his downfall. This story introduces Annie Laurie (one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwelton) and Finland, who wrote the beautiful song bearing her name: but the fickle lady married another, Colonel Craigdarroch, an officer in the service of William III—alas! for romance. "The Scottish Cavalier" may claim to have influenced the imagination of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for he has told me it was one of his favourite books in boyhood, and seventy years later he still retains vivid memories of the scenes and characters in this picturesque romance. "Jane Seton"; "Bothwell, or the Days of Mary Queen of Scots"; "The Yellow Frigate"; "Philip Rollo"—a tale of the Thirty Years' War; "Frank Hilton"; "Legends of the Black Watch" were all written in the fifties, and represent Grant's best work in fiction. He was also at this time writing books of a more strictly historical nature such as "The Memoirs and Adventures of Sir J. Hepburn," "The Memoirs of Montrose" and "Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh."

"Hollywood Hall," 1857, is a tale of the Jacobite rising of 1715, and incidentally includes the escape of Princess Clementina Sobieski from Innspruck to Bologna before her marriage to James III—an incident which has been utilised in later years by Mr. A. E. W. Mason in his romance, "Clementina." In "The Adventures of Rob Roy," 1864, James Grant invaded the realms of his famous cousin, Walter Scott, and, further, provided a ghostly adventure in the style of "Wandering Willie's Tale" from "Red-gauntlet." Grant wrote ghost stories well and impressively, for he treated the

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supernatural seriously. His best essay of the kind, "The Phantom Regiment," is wonderfully well done—the storm, the scenic setting prelude the apparitions with a fitting artistry. Two other short tales in this vein, "The Dead Tryst" and "A Haunted Life," appeared in 1866. James Grant has been compared by some critics to G. P. R. James, but in reality he approximates much more closely to Harrison Ainsworth, both in mentality and style. James was ponderous, pompous and picturesque; both Ainsworth and Grant were picturesque, but gay and light-hearted; they were both ardent Jacobites; both could write a good ghost story or relate a mysterious incident with the right atmosphere, and both, despite their gaiety, had a taste for depicting the macabre, scenes of bloodshed and human suffering.

James Grant married a daughter of James Brown, LL.D., well known as the author of "The History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans," and editor of *The Scots' Magazine* and "The Encyclopædia Britannica." There were two sons, James, who died before his father, and Roderick, who became a priest in the Roman Catholic Church.* James Grant himself joined the Church of Rome in 1875. During the more eventful years of his life, Grant lived at 26, Danube Street, Edinburgh, from about 1856 to 1870. At that time he busied himself with many interests in addition to his literary work. He founded in 1852 the National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights, which received a good deal of satirical attention from *Punch* and the comic journals. He was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic members of the Volunteers, becoming a Lieutenant of the 1st Highland Company. He ardently supported Lord Archibald Campbell's agitation for the retention of the military bonnet as the national head-dress of Scotsmen. He became an authority on matters of military costume, and was consulted by the War Office: many of the facings now worn by the British Army emanate from him, and his suggestions before a committee of the War Office bore fruit years later on the formation of the territorial system. The plans for the proposed alteration of Edinburgh Castle were also submitted to him for his approval.

James Grant was essentially and entirely a Scotsman, and it is therefore difficult to explain why he decided, in 1870, to leave his native city where he had lived most of his life, and the beauties and antiquities of which he had described in many a book. In Edinburgh he was a notable personality and had hosts of friends. In London he was no one in particular, and seemingly unknown in literary and social circles, for his name does not appear in any memoirs of the period. He settled at 25, Tavistock Road, Westbourne Park, in those days a new and unattractive district arising from rough fields. It was then on the extreme edge of London and remote from the important and interesting centres of the capital. There, however, James Grant lived for the last seventeen years of his life, producing every year two or three books, which could not have been very successful, for even the names of most of them are forgotten now. He saved no money during the days of his prosperity in Edinburgh when his best work was written, and he died, almost in poverty, on May 5th, 1887, at the age of sixty-four, the cause of death being liver trouble and jaundice. He lies buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green, far from the romantic scenes of his native land which he had loved lang syne.

* The present representative of the family is the novelist's nephew, Mr. Francis J. Grant, Rothesay Herald in the Court of the Lord Lyon, Edinburgh, son of the late John Grant, Marchmont Herald.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most glaring example of bathos in serious verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

NOTE.—As the Christmas BOOKMAN goes to press before the 14th November, results in the above Competitions will be given in our January Number.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to L. M. Priest, of 71, Gipsy Lane, Norwich, and Eva Dobell, of Fair View, Lower Wyche, Malvern, for the following:

SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS.

Down the wide street they press and flow
With a rustling, hurrying, gentle sound,
As of crispèd, withering leaves that blow
Over a frosty ringing ground.

With golden, stupid eyes the sheep
Surge by in waves of dirty grey;
The clamorous mongrels snarl and keep
Their going to the middle way.

And as the acrid smell of wool
Stings in my nostrils, once again
The frostbound thoroughfare is full
Of ghosts of vanished shepherd-men;

Grey-eyed philosophers whose years
Were full of tinkling bells of rams;
Whose deepest thoughts and gravest fears
Were for the little new-born lambs.

That peace to wiser men denied
Was theirs out of a changeless mood,
Where contemplation opened wide
The cloud-wrought gates of solitude. . . .

I never watch the flocks go by
Along the streets of Salisbury Town,
But I hear the sheep-bells far and nigh
Ring peace across a windy down.

L. M. PRIEST.

THE QUEST.

When dreaming Youth fares forth on pilgrimage,
Fresh from the dews of childhood's chrism-well,
Through this rich world, his wondrous heritage,
The enchantress, Beauty, binds him with her spell;
Her veiled form through the columned pine-wood slips,
Her bright hair streams across the sunset blown,
She beckons from white sails of fading ships,
Bound for strange havens and far seas unknown.
He sees her where the battle standards pass,
Her voice rings in the bugle's silver call,
Her footstep twinkles in the April grass,
Her white arms glimmer where the moonbeams fall.
Still as he follows, mocking Beauty flies;
Then turns to smile upon him through Love's eyes.

EVA DOBELL.

We also select for printing:

MY GHOSTS.

Not in the crumbling cloisters' moon-pierc'd shadow,
Nor mystic heart of forest grey and old;
But where the shining god of day is turning,
With Midas touch, all common things to gold:
When mirthful voices ring, when skies are smiling,
And Summer's loveliness is round me spread;
She comes, and stands before me in the sunlight—
The ghost of Beauty Dead.

When music trembles from the heart, with tripping
Of busy feet, pursuing golden hours,
O'er silver cup that waits for lovers' sipping
Amid the drifting scent of wedding flow'rs:
When Youth and Hope, beneath a rain of blossoms,
Essay the path that mem'ry knows of old;
Shiv'ring he draws his scanty shroud about him—
The wraith of Love Grown Cold.

The shadows of the night are only shadows,
Or evil dreams, lost in the coming day.
Faith holds a torch when fears would cling about me:
From grief new-decked old sorrows creep away:
But when my little ones press softly round me,
Or time brings true the dreams I wrought for most,
Who shares my joy, who crowns the day's achievement
But one beloved Ghost?

(O. R. Bridgman, Oudtshorn, West Bank, Cape Province, South Africa.)

THE GREATER GAIN.

For him—great wealth and rank and power.
Men's lives to sway and to control;
Duties and cares his birthright's dower,
Fame and a name his aim and goal.
For social claims a crowded hour,
Small rest for body or for soul.

For me—enough—not much to spare,
Earned by the toil of hand and brain;
Two precious lives my lot to share.
Their good my joy, their need my pain;
Moments for leisure and for prayer
When work is ended still remain.
Seems his or mine the richer gain?

(B. M. Wills, Hiradungie, Almora, North India.)

WHEN I WAS QUEEN IN BABYLON.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the rare,
A thousand slaves, each day, I ween,
Did plunder diamonds for my hair—
Chalcedony—rich merchandise—
Great opals, gold, to glad mine eyes—
And many princes found me fair,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the wise,
Cut emeralds blazed out their green
Upon my arms—between my eyes—
Ten slaves stood o'er me, with a fan
Of peacock plumes, from Turkistan—
Mine ears were set with pearls of size,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the white,
I was more fair than man hath seen—
My robes flashed forth a golden light—
Sapphires burned among my curls,
And half a score of dancing girls
Capered for ever in my sight,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the great,
Men kept their knives and daggers keen,
For woe to him who earned my hate!
Two snow-white leopards worked my will,
On those whom I had deigned to kill—
Yet—at my summons, none came late
To Babylon, where I was Queen!

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the gay,
Kings kissed my jewelled sandals' sheen,
Great chiefs bent humbly to my sway.
And if I chose to kill them all,
'Twas done—ran red my banquet-hall,
And none would dare to say me nay,
In Babylon—for I was Queen!

(Margaret C. Huggins, 5, Hartley Road, Exmouth, South Devon.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), K. I. Noble (Forest Rise), Constance I. Davies (Hamilton, Ontario), Jane Franklin King (Hobart, Tasmania), Ernest F. Seymour (Shepherd's Bush), Arch. H. Newman, Jun. (Montreal, Canada), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. D., Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), S. G. Gillett (Malta), Floyd Meredith (Pennsylvania, U.S.A.), Kathleen R. Steel (Hastings), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Melfin Jones (Cardiff), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), Jean M. Craig-Brown (Bournemouth), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), D. D. C. (Canterbury), Mrs. W. E. Hobart (Littlehampton), Pauline Meadows (London, N.W.), John

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Smellie Martin (Motherwell), James William Merridew (Stoke Newington), Marion Elizabeth Stark (Wellesley, Mass.), H. Baxter (East Finchley), S. G. August (New Zealand), "Roslyn" (Auckland, New Zealand), Rudolf Robert (Hammersmith), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), A. C. Pryer (Luton), Doris Wilson (Sunderland), Margery Sykes (Pershore), Doris May Wibberley (Burton-on-Trent), Kathleen M. Gush (Sydenham), Sybil Milnes (Clapham), W. Handlen (Oxford), Kathleen Pawle (Lustleigh), Ellice Beere (Streatham), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Port Elizabeth), J. Thomas (Manchester), A. A. Biss (Bournemouth).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to M. Steele, of 100, Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.15, for the following:

THE PRELUDE TO THE REFORMATION.
BY REV. R. S. ARROWSMITH. (S.P.C.K.)

"Turn down an empty glass!"
FITZGERALD, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

We also select for printing:

FLOWING GOLD. BY REX BEACH.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Alas! for the rarity."
THOMAS HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

(N. Stuart-Shepherd, The Vicarage, Alfrick, Worcester.)

THE MAN WHO WAS TWO. BY FRED WHITE.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."
G. COLMAN, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

(Mrs. Monk, 5, King's Park Road, Bournemouth.)

SUDDEN LOVE. BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

(H. J. Norton, Lansmere, Leamington Spa.)

QUEER PEOPLE. BY SIR BASIL THOMSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet."
SHAKESPEARE.

(Muriel Joan Nudd, Clare Villa, High Street, Yiewsley, Middlesex.)

TREBLED PRICE. BY "Y."
(Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

"O, the wild charge they made."
TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the three most telling metaphors or similes selected from English literature is awarded to J. W. Banister, of Malden Street, Leyland, near Preston, Lancs, for the following:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun.
Breathless with adoration . . ."
WORDSWORTH.

"Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."
KEATS, *To a Nightingale.*

"Poetry is—
The grandest chariot wherein
King-thoughts ride."
ALEXANDER SMITH, *A Life Drama.*

Among the numerous other selections received, several competitors have chosen one metaphor that is more telling than any of the above, but the award has been made to the sender of the three best. We have selected for special commendation the metaphors sent by the following twelve competitors: Kate Johnson (Bradford), M. E. Wyley (Slough), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Ella F. Wright (Glasgow), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), Marian Turner (Ripley), Eirlys Davies (Portmadoc), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), F. Colby (Norwich).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to C. M. Young, of 19, Woodside Park Road, North Finchley, N.12, for the following:

THE JUDGE. BY REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson.)

This book is remarkable for its strange mixture of beauty and ugliness. It abounds with vivid descriptions of beautiful scenery, whether of the mountains of Scotland, the marshes of Essex, or the sun-lit lands of Brazil, and it dwells tenderly on the physical beauty of Ellen and of Richard, and the almost spiritual beauty of their love. But all this loveliness is brought to naught by the development of an unusual plot, which takes as its theme a degradation of human beings and their love, revolting in its baseness and hardly conceivable in the intensity of its suffering.

We also select for printing:

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
BY LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Leonard Merrick has proved himself a perfect master of the art of short story writing. It must be no small delight to him, as well as to those who know, and have learned to love, his earlier books, to find that in this latest volume his pen has in no wise lost its cunning. "To Tell You the Truth" contains stories grave to gay, whose settings are frequently Bohemian, their characters bizarre though often lovable, and their conclusions delightfully unexpected. The author writes, as ever, with ease and grace, and makes an intense appeal to the emotions.

(Helen Louise Bell, Brae Gorsie, Higher Broughton, Manchester.)

THE FIRE BIRD. BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.
(John Murray.)

"The Fire Bird" seems to indicate a desertion of certain of the principles Mrs. Porter has followed in fiction. It is a moving epic of aboriginal America, now plumbing the depths of tortured souls, now soaring on wings reminiscent of the poetic beauty of the Psalms or the austere magnificence of Job. So accurately attuned is Mrs. Porter's ear to the voice of Nature, from "the little secret whispering among the dry grass" to the sonorous beat of the surf, that one would wish her never to depart from the interpretation of Nature's rhythms as evolved in this volume.

(Louise Hayward, 2470, Bowker Avenue, Victoria, British Columbia.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), J. Harold Armstrong (Harrogate), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), E. M. Nicholson (Cologne), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), J. W. Mayer (Colwyn Bay), Mrs. Dixon (Worthing), H. M. Creswell Payne (Newquay), Frederick A. G. Service (Penge), B. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Douglas Harrison (Bromley), B. van Thal, Jun. (London, N.W.), Gladys H. Cocks (Newport, Mon.), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), F. Oliver (Norwich), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Sybil Dean (Exmouth), H. V. Lowry (Bournemouth), Petrie Townshend (London, E.C.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.

THE SECRET OF HAZLITT.*

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

MR. HOWE has long been known as a loving and devoted student of Hazlitt and his works. His present volume is a rich treasury of facts, although he modestly says that he has only sought to make Hazlitt's life "less imperfectly known" than it was. His diligent researches have been rewarded by good discoveries, including eighteen hitherto untraced letters: and he has added to our knowledge of the man and given us new material for his biography. For this we are grateful. He draws largely on Crabbe Robinson, Patmore, Talfourd, and Lamb, as was inevitable. But the authentic and complete biography is yet to come, a biography which will not only contain history but exposition.

William Hazlitt,

From a bust by Joseph Durham.

It is a remarkable fact that two of the most acutely analytical works on Hazlitt have come from foreign critics, Dr. Zeigel and M. Jules Douady, though Mr. Howe barely mentions them; nor has he anything to say of the compendious labours of Alexander Ireland. There are other lapses which, in a volume of this magnitude, are surprising, though they may not be serious. The youthful life of Hazlitt in America is too curtly dismissed; its influence upon his impressionable nature was stronger than Mr. Howe thinks. His first experiences in London, emphasised in the essays, are very lightly passed over by Mr. Howe. The Norham Court romance is relegated to a foot-note; the episode may be obscure, but it seems certain that Hazlitt's idealistic nature had been deeply agitated, and that from here sprang his wistful retrospection of a happiness that had eluded him. A couple of incidental sentences suffice to dispose of "Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England," a mighty favourite with ourselves, and containing, we think, some of Hazlitt's finest writings, best judgments, and most characteristic expressions of opinion.

By way of compensation, Mr. Howe devotes a disproportionate amount of space to Hazlitt's quarrels with Leigh Hunt, and to the incidents leading up to the tragedy of John Scott. These are of course expressions of opinion, and not to be too strongly insisted upon. But where, we think, there will be general agreement is in the fact that Mr. Howe cannot—or, at least, does not—tell his stories with ease and clearness: he is given to breaking them up with incidentals, and he takes us backwards and forwards, and is an unconscionable long time in reaching his conclusion. This is particularly evident in the account of Sarah Walker and the "Liber Amoris," when the romance (squalid as it may be in parts) loses interest and is deprived of glamour because it is overburdened with details and spoilt by interruptions. These, however, are surface-flaws in a really sound work; and there is so much that is good, profitable, and original in Mr. Howe's volume that it would be ungracious indeed to dwell upon minor defects.

The work is usefully divided into sections dealing with the various phases of Hazlitt's career—his painting, journalism, lecturing, and essay-writing; to which one more might well have been added, his pedestrianism, a subject in itself. His foreign travels, his worship of Napoleon (we are not sure that full justice has yet been done to Hazlitt's "Life" of his hero), together with the amazing story of the infatuation of his later years, round off the biography; and on the whole we may say that Mr. Howe has left little for future chroniclers to do. But does the mass of facts, laboriously accumulated and carefully collated, take us to the very heart of William Hazlitt and solve for us the mystery of a baffling personality? We think not. It is excellent biography, but incomplete elucidation.

Hazlitt's history is so interwoven with his writings, and from his writings may be drawn so much material for his history, that to sever the threads is to spoil both the personal and the literary fabric, one and indivisible. His life is easier to reveal than to relate, to deduce than to describe. His books supply us with the chief means of understanding him. Outwardly cold and reserved as a man, he becomes warm, intimate, communicative as a writer. He is a Rousseau at self-confession, and sometimes tells us too much for his own advantage; the restraint he exercised in speech he could not exercise with his pen. If his reputation has somewhat suffered by his impulsive avowals, we profit by his candour. He solves the enigma which he alone could solve, this man of many contradictions—the man who made foes yet hungered for friends, who was a failure as a husband and an idealist as a lover,

* "The Life of William Hazlitt." By P. P. Howe. 24s. (Martin Secker.)

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who lashed others and winced under a cut, who was a penetrating critic of men and unconscious of his own failings, who was quick to quarrel and then pathetically inquired why he was hated, who was obstinate in his convictions and capricious in his moods, who had clear vision but lacked worldly wisdom—this man who spent so many years in despondency and sorrow, and then died exclaiming: "Well, I have had a happy life."

Only can we reconcile the contradictions by understanding the inner Hazlitt, and to do this we must study his introspective and autobiographical essays. For Hazlitt's favourite theme, when all is told, was William Hazlitt. His attitude was self-contemplative. When he wrote of art, it was as Hazlitt the painter; when he wrote of drama, it was as Hazlitt the admirer of Kean and Siddons; when he dealt with letters, it was as Hazlitt the hierophant of Wordsworth and Coleridge, or as Hazlitt the censor of Crabbe and Moore. In politics, it was Hazlitt the hater of the Bourbons who predominated, and whether he spoke of Pitt, Burke, Cobbett, or Brougham, it was always as the "child of the Revolution" that he decided their merits or denounced their crimes.

The personal note is clamant, unsubduable. Hazlitt, the friend of Lamb, the youthful hero-worshipper of Coleridge, the hater of Gifford, the lover of the woman unattained and the scorner of the woman won; Hazlitt the pedestrian and the frequenter of the Fives Court, the admirer of the old poets and dramatists and the contemner of most of the new; this is the Hazlitt who emerges from the essays, and it is Hazlitt the real man.

His biography would be commonplace indeed without his disclosures; with their aid, if it be not actually romantic, it excites curiosity, and provides us with a psychological study alike uncommon and interesting. His struggles, his rebuffs, his hopes, his successes, make up a story of some worth, and, by compelling us to seek fact, illustration, and interpretation from his own books, send us to that rich and not easily exhausted repository which has come to be more valued with the passing of time. Whatever his fate at the hands of contemporaries and rivals he is now a classic, the chosen companion of our serene hours, a source of pleasure and instruction. He has come into his kingdom. How well do his words apply to himself!:

> "All reputation is hazardous, hard to win, harder to keep. Many never attain a glimpse of what they have all their lives been looking for, and others survive a passing shadow of it. No man is truly great who is great only in his lifetime. The test of greatness is the page of history. I myself am neither a king nor a shepherd: books have been my fleecy charge, and my thoughts have been my subjects. But these have found me sufficient employment at the time, and enough to think of for the time to come."

Was ever the revealing of a tortured mind more pathetic than this, among the last that came from Hazlitt's pen?:

> "My little boy said the other day, 'He could not tell what to do without a book to read: he should wander about without knowing what to do with himself.' So have I wandered about till now, and, waking from the dream of books at last, don't know what to do with myself. M poor little fellow! Mayst thou dream long amidst thy darling books, and never wake!"

When he thus wrote, not only was his dream of books fading, but so was the longer dream of life. The last days in Frith Street, Soho, are not pleasant to reflect upon, although, as Mr. Howe reminds us, Hazlitt was by no means so deserted as for a time was reported. His valedictory writings were poignant; but he still dreamed:

> "I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb: 'Grateful and Contented!' But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain."

In the light of the self-revelations the secret of Hazlitt's life becomes clear, and his "happiness" is explicable. He had craved for the sympathy he appeared to disdain, and was eager to pour forth the feelings pent in the proud heart. He was no stoic, though he posed as one. But the hard realities of the world were too much for him, and he took refuge in the comfort of dreams. His friends were his books; his loves were his ideals. "If I have had few real pleasures," he wrote, "my ideas have been to me in the nature of realities." His joy was in memory, in fond illusion, in the glamour of the past, and in his peculiar capacity to live precious hours over again. The material world with its squalor and disappointment was less substantial to him than that visionary world in which he fashioned airy romances and created rainbow hopes.

Hazlitt's "happiness," then, was not happiness among men or in the atmosphere of the world: it was the happiness of a spirit that had feasted on the beauty of nature, the charm of art and books, and had had the inspiration of dreams though finding all was vain. Churton Collins called Hazlitt's farewell "the last thrust of defiant pride." It was not that—it was only the soothing assurance of the dying man who remembered once more the motto on the sundial, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, and the glad words on the ancient statue, "I too have lived in Arcadia."

"He is dead," wrote his friend Patmore, "and with him died strong intellect, powerful passions, fine taste, and many rare qualities. . . . He had faults, but he was incomparably superior, in acuteness of mind and honesty of purpose, to what his enemies supposed or asserted." But to this just eulogy we must add the pathetic reflection of Hazlitt himself: "To be remembered after we are dead is but a poor recompense for being treated with contempt while we are living."

AN AMERICAN SURVEY.

By G. H. Grubb.

THIS article cannot comprehend the enormous activity in the world of books that is to be found this autumn in the United States. To cover the field of authorship, publishing and circulation would require most of the pages of The Bookman, and I am afraid the editor would not be in a position to grant such a privilege. Yet the American book abounds with so much virility and genius, nowadays, that its insistent

demand for a place among the world's greatest in literature must be considered with the gravest attention. But let it not be forgotten that American literature has been an undeniable fact for many years, although there have been some lean periods, as in all phases of national development. Of late years, however, there has been a crescendo of brilliant and able spokesmen of the richening evolution of the intellect of America, until it has reached a height that is broadcasting its influence abroad, and, perhaps, more particularly in England. Who are these forces? Many of them have been writing and ascending for years. From lowly valleys of unknownness they have reached high altitudes of esteem. "There is a group," said Mr. John V. A. Weaver, of *The Brooklyn Eagle*, to me the other day, "never still, of writers under thirty-three years of age, who are making a place for themselves with great rapidity—a 'younger generation,' if you will." Mr. Weaver is a shrewd judge, and I should give him a place in this "younger generation" because he justifies it in his vivid portrayal, in laughter and tears and in passionate realism, of the everyday existence of the American city worker, in his volume of poetry entitled "In American." He spoke to me of the "white hope" of the American drama—Eugene O'Neill. Then he proceeded to emphasise the distinctive values of Dos Passos, of Stephen Benét, Ben Hecht, Robert Nathan, Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop, and John Farrar, editor of the American BOOKMAN. Mr. Weaver reminded me of two real women poets of the younger school—Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie. There is, too, in a different vein, Ring W. Lardner and Donald Ogden Stewart, and I must not forget Van Loon, whose "Story of Mankind" has sold well over fifty thousand, and seems to be succeeding in England. But there are others, of whose books English readers would do well to acquaint themselves. Scott Fitzgerald, Heywood Broun, Floyd Dell, Wallace Irwin, Burton Roscoe, Charles Hanson Towne, Waldo Frank, Don Marquis, Francis Hackett, Carl Sandburg, and Robert Frost—though Frost had really something of an English public before he found one in the U.S.A. All these writers are somewhat older in years than the first group, and perhaps are richer in experience, while authors such as Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Dorothy Canfield, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Silbur Cather, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, Gertrude Atherton, Christopher Morley, Amy Lowell and Joseph Hergesheimer have long had a big field of followers in America, and many readers in Great Britain. This is but a very sketchy list of some of the minds which to-day are influencing the people on the other side of the Atlantic. I have omitted one writer. Whom he is I do not know. He is known to three people, himself and two others. I refer to the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." Another brilliant work has just come from his penetrating mind—"Behind the Mirrors." His subjects are weighed, with damning ruthlessness, in his cold balances, and found veritably wanting. No one of note escapes. He operates pitilessly, calmly, almost devilishly—but nevertheless truthfully. He has the gift of being able to give his skilful operations a colouring touch which at once makes them fascinating and constructive. But I would rather not have the honour of being carved by this extraordinary surgeon of American political life.

American Bookselling Committee Circular.

Sent out broadcast in the U.S.A. by the National Association of Book Publishers and found very efficacious in selling books.

BOOKS *for* the Week-end

American Bookselling Committee Circular.

I have, even in this very bare outline, devoted too much space to this new, moving force in American literature, and I must hurry on and speak, very briefly, of one or two other happenings. I would like to write at some length of a new feature which has become prominent in current American authorship. There is growing up a spoof literature, heralded by that extraordinary extravaganza, "The Cruise of the Kawa." Last year its humour caught the fancy of the United States so definitely, that Dr. Walter E. Traprock—it is an open secret that he is George S. Chappell—discovered himself one morning to be almost as famous as President Harding, and I do not know how many millions of cables Traprock received from all parts of the country, ordering lectures. He gave them forthwith, but he had to break off to keep his date at the North Pole. He has just published a volume about his wonderful experiences, under the title of "My Northern Exposure: the 'Kawa' at the Pole." Apparently, the "Kawa" book brought him so much notoriety, that his many admirers are trying to get hold of his earlier books, particularly "Curry-Dishes for Moderate Incomes," which, I understand, is *very* scarce, and worth as much as fifty pounds. So far, I have not heard of a copy. Then there is "The Queen of Sheba," by Professor Phinneas A. Crutch, described as "a-tongue-in-the-cheek" biography, while George Chappell has modernised, in "Rollo in Society," the "Rollo Books," so famous in the fifties and thereafter. Although not actually belonging to this phase, I might mention here a volume of "sundry observations concerning prohibitions, inhibitions, and illegalities." In many respects it is a serious, biting castigation of the mad demand by the "blues" for censorship of everything in the United States. It is a collection of daring yet amusing comments on subjects of more than national interest, gathered together under the very clever title of "Nonsenseorship," to which three notable English writers—Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson and Robert Keable—have contributed chapters. The American contributors are Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Chappell, Charles Hanson Towne, John V. A. Weaver, Ruth Hale, Dorothy Parker, Helen Bullitt Lowry, Wallace Irwin, Ben Hecht and Frederick O'Brien, the "Mirrors of Washington" author, and G. P. P. And I must not forget, in this paragraph, that clever "Parody Outline of History," by Donald Ogden Stewart, published last year.

It had been my intention to say something about the very fine plans of the "Year Round Book-Selling Committee" of the National Association of Book Publishers to popularise the book, and therefore to increase the sales of books. The scheme is the most embracing of any that has been conceived, to bring the people to the bookshop, and the book to the people. Between May, 1921, and May, 1922, 1,507,874 posters, circulars, circular and personal letters were dispatched to booksellers, librarians, churches, clubs, schools, newspapers, magazines and individuals; and it has all been of the most attractive kind. A reproduction of two circulars will be found on another page. Always there is a good slogan. And there are some excellent American books appearing, apart from American editions—and their numbers are legion—of English books. I can but mention one or two before I close this "survey," in which I had hoped to find room for a consideration of the distinctive books of this autumn; English best sellers; actual aggregate figures of sales, in the various sections, to date; the English book in America; the increasing pilgrimage of American authors, every year, to England; and the great literary journals. Here are, then, a few of the many important books, general and fiction: Broun's "The Boy Grew Older," Towne's "The Chain," Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon," "Behind the Mirrors," Lewis's "Babbitt," Lincoln's "Fair Harbor," Norris's "Certain People of Importance," Burnett's "Robin," Bachellor's "In the Days of Poor Richard," Traprock's "My Northern Exposure," Rinehart's "Breaking Point," Hendrick's "Walter Hines Page," Marquis's "The Revolt of the Oyster," Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles," Morley's "Where the Blue Begins," Le Gallienne's "Jongleur Strayed," Dreiser's "Book About Myself," Hackett's "The Golden Calf," Cather's "One of Ours," Canfield's "Rough Hewn," Gardner's "The Book of the Indian," Gavitt's "Americans by Choice," Grey's "Tales of Lonely Trails," Beach's "Flowing Gold," King's "Dust Flower," Howe's "Memories of an Hostess," Barrington's "The Ladies," O'Brien's "Atolls of the Sun," Pattee's "Sidelights on American Literature." These are but a few of what have appeared this autumn, or are to appear before the end of the year.

New Books.

COMPLETING A PICTURE.*

The French contribution to education is known to our English students by a series of vivid flash-lights, with great gaps of darkness between. Rabelais, Montaigne, Rousseau, the Jesuits, the Port-Royalists are the commonplaces of the examination papers of our training colleges; but they are often projected against a background ot ignorance that is profound. Mr. Barnard has set out to lighten this gloom. His work follows traditional lines: he deals with his subject by means of type and biography. He keeps close to facts that are definitely established, but at the same time allows himself to generalise judiciously from this basis. He holds an even keel between trifling personal detail on the one hand, and on the other that "reading into" biographical facts that so often distorts the truth. While the author draws from the various persons selected the special contributicn made to education, each is allowed to speak for himself, and the reader cannot but admire the fairness of the selection of quotations. A special merit of the book is the skill with which persons are correlated with institutions. Thus, there are two separate accounts of the University of Paris, the earlier embodying the personality of Peter Ramus, the later that of Charles Rollin. The result is an excellent presentation of the university from two quite different points of view. The other prominent personalities treated in the book are Anne de Xainctonge, Calvin, Bossuet, de Bérulle, de la Chatolais, and Madame Necker de Saussure.

The experienced reader will note that Mr. Barnard has succeeded in combining the merits ot Mr. R. H. Quick and Professor J. W. Adamson. Like the first he has been

* "The French Tradition in Education." By H. C. Barnard. 10s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

able to make biography conform to the needs of educational exposition: like the second he has managed to convey to the reader a vivid conception of what was actually done in the schools and other educational institutions of the time. We are conscious all through that we are in the hands of a man who is at once a practical educator and a competent theorist and historian. The experienced schoolmaster peeps out every now and again—in a reference to "middle school thicks," the dreariness of "proses," the relegation of the brilliant young master to the higher forms, Lamy's adumbration of the direct method.

There are three matters that are of specially sharp interest in this work. It is a helpful point to make that in the education of princes and the great ones of the earth we are exemplifying at the other end the remark attributed to Lowe—and to others—that one of the main functions of the teacher is to educate our masters. This completing of the circle of educational influence from prince to proletariat supplies room for thought. The next point on which Mr. Barnard has something fresh to say is the importance of the contribution of the Oratorians. Hitherto they have been treated rather perfunctorily as a set of people who came in somewhere between the Jesuits and the Port-Royalists, but had no first hand contribution to offer. Mr. Barnard shows that while they had not such a wide range as the Jesuits, nor such an intensive application as the Port-Royalists, they got nearer to the essentials of the educational process than their rivals, and the reader is led to accept his conclusion that "the Oratory easily wins the suffrages of the modern critics." The third fresh point is the thesis that *national* education received its first effective treatment at the hands of de la Chatolais. In the text this lawyer of Rennes is made to represent not only a body of administrative officials scattered all over France, but also the typical intelligent outsider looking into education from the lay point of view, and thereby greatly helping the teachers. Wise people will be able to read between the lines of this chapter, and learn many things that may be applied with great advantage in the discussion of the present political position of education. Frenchmen are not inclined to give this lawyer such a high place as is here claimed for him, but a rather good case is made out for the thesis that the school-system of the present French Republic traces directly back to Chatolais.

Feminists will not like the treatment of Madame Necker de Saussure as a second-rate Rousseau, but they will have the comfort of learning that her womanly good sense made her a valuable corrective. Much could be said on this point did space permit. The book has some most useful appendices, a bibliography and an index.

JOHN ADAMS.

PLAYING FIELDS.*

It would not be easy, in fact it would be rather silly, to prophesy definitely that Mr. Eric Parker's story of school life is destined to replace an earlier classic which has known no dangerous competitor for three generations. But good book as "Tom Brown" was, "Playing Fields" strikes me as a better. Of not a few stories that one remembers, sober or frivolous after their kind, has "Floreat Etona" stood for motto or refrain, and has still left most of us a little cold. Either the books were bad, or we were suffering from an inverted snobbishness. But "Playing Fields" is a different pair of shoes. Old Etonians of any and every shade of temperament it cannot fail to enrapture, people who merely went to ordinary schools or perhaps to no schools at all but have yet contrived somehow to learn the difference between good literature and bad will be, if not enraptured, at least generously enthusiastic. Martin Wardon and his friends are not super-boys, Stalkys,

* "Playing Fields." By Eric Parker. 10s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

Entrance to School Yard.

From "Playing Fields" (Philip Allan).

McTurks, or Beetles. Just boys. Martin especially is a charming youth, and Mr. Parker writes charmingly of the things that mattered to him, the striped perch and the crawling caddis in the river, the jackdaws' nests in the chestnuts, and peacock butterflies on dry leaves in the sun, the ecstasies, the dolours and the thrills of hard games hard played, and the winning and losing of prize poems and scholarship exams, of friendship, of Martin's sister, and his father, and his mother. Eight delightful drawings, in which picturesque corners in and about the school have afforded scope for Mr. J. D. M. Harvey's delicate talent with the pencil, add to the attractiveness of a first-rate book.

FOGAZZARO.*

No Italian author of modern times achieved anything like Antonio Fogazzaro's popularity in this country during the last decade of his actual life, and the explanation would appear to lie in the appeal of all his work to our essential English seriousness. Fogazzaro held and, as his correspondence shows, was never tired of labouring the point, that the moral value of an artist's work transcends its æsthetic value, or in any event if that could not be held true in all cases it was decidedly true in his own, and that he himself chose and intended to be so judged as a writer. It was an attitude that brought sneers from some of his contemporaries. If Fogazzaro needed any vindication from such a charge as that of insincerity, it is amply forthcoming in the masterly work of Signor Gallarati-Scotti, here ably translated by Miss Agnetti, and which, barring the unfortunate omission of an index, is all that such a biography should be. Parts of the memoir of the greatest value and interest derive their importance from the fact that Signor Scotti, alone among Fogazzaro's

* "The Life of Antonio Fogazzaro." By Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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circle, had access to correspondence in which his subject continued to lay bare his most sacred feelings and emotions throughout the most significant crises of his life, though here we would say at once that, in utilising the "Elena" letters, Fogazzaro's biographer has nowhere abused the confidence so unreservedly and generously placed in him. The note throughout of this pious monument to friendship is the note of conflict, the almost ceaseless strife of the spirit and the flesh. But there were lulls in the storm, and it was in perhaps the serenest of all these, when Fogazzaro felt himself to have attained, if only temporarily, a condition of perfect poise, that he accomplished what innumerable Anglo-Saxon admirers must regard as his best work, "The Patriot."

Fogazzaro died full of years and honours, famous in three continents, but his early struggles were bitter enough. His family was of humble though respectable origin. "The Fogazzaros of old were mountaineers, and the love of the hills is in my blood," he was proud to write of himself. Though he married at twenty-four, it was not till two years later that he found himself "a full-fledged barrister, which is a blessing for my future clients." But it was not with clients that he concerned himself, or efforts to secure them, rather with the subject of "religious poetry in Italy, beginning with the earliest development of the poetic sentiment in Christianity." Much to the alarm of his seniors he insisted on trying his own hand at "religious poetry." The result was "Miranda." His father read the MS. and thought well enough of it to forgive its author's refusal to take law seriously. Whether this change of heart found tangible expression is doubtful. Writing long afterwards, Fogazzaro declared his belief that few young men of his age had so little money in their pockets as he. But he "never complained nor owed a penny." Before he married his allowance was 20 lire a month. After marriage and fatherhood, this became 500 lire per annum, out of which he clothed himself. He prided himself on never having touched his wife's fortune. One gathers that independence only came with the publication and immediate success of his first novel, "Malombra." He was thirty-nine by then, no early maturity for one of his race. Too old to retrace his steps, had Fate condemned him then he might well have known himself a failure. It may surprise English readers to learn that he was accused of imitating Dickens. His love of and familiarity with the best English writers are remarked by his biographer, who reports that when the news of his adored son's death was brought to him his first words were "Not dead, but gone before."

A. G.

SOLILOQUY.*

There is an old shibboleth that women novelists are never able to delineate men, and that men writers are incapable of picturing women. I think the prejudice is unfounded, as regards our own immediate day. If Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith had elected to write under the pseudonym of a man, how few critics would have pierced the armour of the author of "Sussex Gorse." Mr. Stephen McKenna's "Soliloquy" would similarly, if he had chosen a feminine *nom de guerre*, have escaped general challenge. It is quite the best thing that McKenna has done, immeasurably superior to his previous rather crude "The Confessions of a Well Meaning Woman," in which the lady concerned smiled and smiled and was a villain.

In "Soliloquy" Marion Shelley, who, on her death-bed, tells her own story in letters to her youngest sister, Ada, is a woman of some heart and audacious courage. Her predecessor in print was merely an old back-biter, swollen with snobbery.

The exposition of Marion from the days of her youth to the days of her ignominious vanity is an extraordinarily capable and convincing piece of psychology. "The confessions" suggest a discreet blend of H. G. Wells and Violet Hunt. The book is to some extent political. That is to say it touches politics from the social side—from that of a clever woman who entertains Under-Secretaries, not unawares. In this connection, Marion Shelley muses:

"I have always thought that Mrs. Humphry Ward's political novels are beneath contempt, but 'Marcella' and her successors, if they were nothing else, were powerful to the extent of seducing the minds of otherwise quite harmless girls. In that generation, if you followed the Parliamentary debates, or did a little slumming or read a few pamphlets and biographies or met a minister at luncheon, you saw yourself as a political hostess."

Marion had a more complete training. The most beautiful and accomplished of the daughters of a famous Oxford professor, she had gradually to learn the lesson that men distrusted too much cleverness in a woman. Marion was afflicted by a mother who so paraded all her daughters that possible suitors were frightened off. The one man in Marion's heart was Spencer Woodrow, who had not the courage to marry her when she offered to share his poverty. The pictures of life at Oxford are illuminating. The town of Polehampton, with its raw barracks of a university, is done faithful justice by.

In her period of early disillusion, Marion, having failed to capture what is called a "rising politician," George Creal, the heir to a barony, marries, after most acute consideration, Martin Shelley, a drunken man of letters.

She rouses him for a little out of his hoggishness, and immeasurably increases his reputation as a journalist and playwright. Handicapped by such a man she begins her conquest of London, and becomes a great society hostess. It sounds improbable, but Mr. McKenna tells you exactly how it is done.

Spencer Woodrow has been unhappy in his marriage, and dies early in life, leaving a boy who resembles him so completely that Marion, who is still a beautiful and youthful looking woman, falls in love with him after some years of fairy-godmotherdom. Spencer the second, however, falls even more violently in love with a little moon-maiden, and Marion's jealousy is bitterly aroused. The situation is rather an unpleasant one, but McKenna treats it dexterously. The supreme value of this book of a bitter woman is in its faithful atmosphere of Latter Victorian and Edwardian times.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "Soliloquy." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

COMMON-SENSE THEOLOGY.*

Although very young, Mr. Joad has already won some reputation as a philosopher. That reputation will be increased by the larger volume now before us. His book will not satisfy those who hold by the older and more restricted interpretation of the word "theology." "Although the title of this book is 'Common-Sense Theology,'" he says, "it is not about God." Indeed, if Mr. Joad were not endowed with unfailing good humour he would, we feel, be a little impatient with those who believe in the God of orthodox religion. Man, he asserts, creates God in his own image, "because the existence of an all-powerful and all-kindly Being, working and watching in their interests, flatters their conceit and invests their existence with purpose and significance." The author will have nothing to do with such a God—because he can find no evidence for His existence. He can, however, find evidence of the existence of a Life Force, a belief in which "panders to no innate longing and satisfies no deep-seated need." Why should one hold this belief?

"I am afraid," says Mr. Joad, "that the only argument I can adduce in its favour is that it appears to square with the evidence. To judge from the history of speculation, this has usually been found an unconvincing reason for entertaining a belief; but I can offer nothing better, and those who prefer beliefs which are dictated by considerations of comfort and cheerfulness to those which are merely true, will find the Life Force as a form of mental diet arid and unsubstantial enough."

Mr. Joad admits that "our old friend the Life Force" has become so familiar as to pass into a jest. But he maintains that a doctrine need not be untrue because it

* "Common-Sense Theology." By C. E. M. Joad. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

is familiar. And in fact he gives something of a new interpretation to it:

"That there is an immanent principle of life which expresses itself in all the thrustings and pulsings of the world of sense, of thought, and of matter, has been a commonplace since Schopenhauer. But the attempt to saddle the immanent principle with the responsibility for some part of reality only, leaving the whole realm of matter outside its scope, has been made less frequently."

Mr. Joad, in a word, is a dualist; and, using the dialogue form and drawing many happy illustrations of his theory from the realms of education, art, literature and metaphysics, he sets forth his faith in a Life Force whose struggle against matter seems to explain the facts of existence as we know them. His conclusions may not satisfy every reader; but he brings so much humanity, vitality, and irresistible good-humour to his task that he has succeeded in writing a long philosophical work that is more readable than many novels.

GILBERT THOMAS.

ARTHUR MEE'S GOLDEN YEAR.*

"This is no guide-book. It is a picture of things that a busy man has seen, when he has found the courage and the time to say good-bye to Little Treasure Island, and to run over the hills and far away. It is a notebook of three hundred and fifty wander-days about the world, and what a traveller saw in them . . . the memory of a Golden Year." This from the preface to another fascinating Mee volume, which lucky girls and boys will place happily on

Mr. Arthur Mee
In his garden at Eynsford Hill, Kent.

Mr. Mee is issuing, in fortnightly parts, a revised and largely rewritten and re-illustrated edition of his enormously successful "Children's Encyclopædia."

the shelf beside their beloved Hero Book. We would sincerely congratulate Mr. Mee, first of all, on the way in which he contrives his illustrations. Other books of the kind have pictures, but they are, in comparison, hackneyed and dull. Real freshness and originality are here. Let us quote one or two titles, and this will be apparent: "Giotto immortalises Saint Francis on the walls of Assisi," "The City sealed up by a storm of fire—Pompeii as it lay hidden from sight for eighteen centuries," "The Sweet Simplicity of a Pasture in the Alps," "Calm and unafraid—Pliny goes to his bath," "The quaint boats we see in the waters of Norway," "Rameses goes for a ride" . . . Far and wide has the author travelled, and as he looked at the wondrous cities and plains, his mind seems never to have been unforgetful of that great public of small people at home, who waited to hear what he had to tell them. Mr. Mee will have to go further and see more before his task is over. Other folk may write of places over the sea but their pens have not the earnest magic that drips from Mr. Mee's pen. Old legends and bright visions of the future are twined in these records of things seen. "I believe in the possibility of almost everything. . . . I believe that the poor will be rich, and that life will be beautiful for all. I believe disease will disappear. I believe that we shall see and speak to people anywhere. I believe we shall control the weather." We are confident that this brave and comely book will be a delight to the children, and a tonic for Christmas-worn fathers and mothers who feel they will never be able to afford to travel again.

C. M.

* "Arthur Mee's Golden Year: Over the Hills and Far Away." By the Editor of "The Children's Encyclopædia." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE BEST OF THREE.*

Wendell Holmes used to say that every man who had lived a full life and lived long enough could write one good book about himself if he tried. But Mr. Burgin has knocked that record all to pieces. He wrote his one, and it was good; but he remembered some more and wrote another, which surpassed the first; then he turned over his memories again and has written a third, which eclipses the other two. Every way in every book he has grown better and better, yet he announces that this third is the concluding volume of his recollections. In the circumstances, there seems no reason why it should be, but if it is, we can, anyhow, congratulate him on having come to a good end. One thing, I think, that makes this book more interesting than the other two is that here Mr. Burgin attempts to become more personal; instead of leaving himself quite in the background and telling of his friends, famous or infamous (in the innocent meaning of the word), he brings himself—at all events at intervals—more prominently before the footlights and goes, to some extent, through the story of his own career. The truth is that nearly everything he tells you of himself reminds him of a tale about something or somebody else, so that at times you can scarcely see his own story for the anecdotes it reminds him of. But he takes up the thread and goes on again, and, one way and another, you do get some of his autobiography unrolled at last and are delightfully entertained in the process.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that in which Mr. Burgin relates his experiences on the *Idler* with Jerome (his editor) and Robert Barr, Barry Pain, Eden Phillpotts, Conan Doyle, Zangwill and Sims, who were numbered among its contributors. Not less interesting is the chapter on "A Dead Friend," from whose breezy, discursive and often charming letters he quotes freely. But wherever you turn, in all his moods, serious or humorous, thoughtful or flippant, Mr. Burgin keeps you fully and variously entertained. He has written the most shapeless and informal autobiography that was ever published. He still contrives to tell you more about all sorts of other people than about himself; just as you think you are really getting hold of him and going to be taken into his confidence you find he has evaded you and you have got hold of somebody he used to know, who has dodged in betwixt him and you and temporarily cut him out. Which makes you feel rather as if you were playing blind-man's buff and didn't know whom you would catch next, but adds not a little to the life and movement and attractiveness of the whole thing. If these "Many Memories" really do not make up the autobiography Mr. Burgin seems to promise in his Prologue, they make a delectable

* "Many Memories." By G. B. Burgin. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

book of genial gossip about literary persons and literary affairs with enough autobiography for them all to float in, and whatever else you may decide to call it you can never call it dull.

R. P.

THE BOOK OF AN IMPATIENT JOB.*

The easiest thing to say of Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel is that it is the book of an impatient Job. Its aim is to exhibit an Archdeacon in the process of slow and grinding tribulation, and if Mr. Walpole is more pitiless than Jehovah, he is justified by the impenitent self-sufficiency of his victim. But the easiest judgment is not the whole verdict. Mr. Walpole has called his novel "The Cathedral" with definite intention. In it he is asserting that there are greater forces in play than the cold, unappeasable pride of Archdeacon Brandon and the sleek Machiavellianism of Canon Ronder, who manipulates the personal tragedy of the former and the book. His real villain is the Cathedral of Polchester, that immense, brooding and sardonic structure which, impregnated by centuries of worship with a life of its own, "has become a god demanding rites and worshippers," and a jealous and cruel god at that. Ominous and implacable the Cathedral masses behind the human story. It is the Cathedral itself, affronted by Brandon's self-importance, that determines to crush him, as the drunken artist Davray (himself a victim to its austere and monstrous beauty) declares. It is against the power and domination of the Cathedral that Falk Brandon rebels, and goes off in scandal with the fine-fibred daughter of Polchester's wickedest son. It is the stony and dehumanised lovelessness of life in the shadow of the Cathedral that drives the insubstantial and pitiable Mrs. Brandon first to hatred of her husband, then to revolt and flight with a clergyman. The power of the Cathedral is the black and icy power of a carven joss, and its natural ritual is the furtive and spiteful intrigue which ultimately brings Brandon to madness and ruin.

Here is Mr. Walpole's intention, but one feels that actually the Cathedral is a monster too rigid and cold for a gift so human as his. That is, one accepts his idea without quite feeling it with that sense of active power in cruelty and hate which he meant it to inflict. And the reason for this, one feels, is that from the moment Mr. Walpole became absorbed in his human characters and their human stories he found them greater than any building of stone, and so forgot his Cathedral altogether for long periods.

He fingers in his *motif* throughout the book, but the real force of it is the human story, and for a writer who deals so finely, surely and warmly with humanity as Mr. Walpole undoubtedly does the story alone is the main delight. One becomes more and more convinced that Mr. Walpole is taking his place among those writers who inhabit what may be called an extra-novelist plane. These writers are outside and, one rather thinks, above the usual literary considerations, tendencies, fashions, schools and even the critical attack of their time. Their attributes may differ, they may even be less brilliant or sound than their contemporaries, but all of them from Geoffrey of Monmouth to Seton Merriman, Rudyard Kipling and beyond, have a quality that gives them the immense human franchise which is the wonder and often the despair of other writers. That quality—the most discussed thing in the world—fines down to the fact that they are great, natural story-tellers.

The feeling that Mr. Walpole is a great natural story-teller grows. "The Cathedral" as sheer story, as a thing to absorb, stimulate, please, pique and carry one irresistibly forward, is a delight. The characters, put in firmly as though with a graving tool, are unmistakable, intimate and romantic from the first; and they march with an inevitable stride along the natural and exciting road of their destiny. Each dramatic scene flows into the next. There is about the end of every chapter the tingle of a serial. One finds that atmosphere in all great story-tellers—in Seton Merriman for example, whose chapters ended on an absolute command to go on to the next. Mr. Walpole is as imperative. And things happen. Falk's love affair with Annie Hogg, the scandal of it, and the break it causes with the father have as much force and thrill as any violent melodrama, only the power is suaver. The intrigue between the faded wife and the faded clergyman visibly and dramatically undermines the power of the Archdeacon husband. The plotting of the intelligent and moon-glassed monster Ronder with the gaitered bravos of the Chapter is, in its more real and naturalistic style, as full of sensation as any conspiracy of Mr. Oppenheim's international crooks. The story is the thing first and last with Mr. Walpole; the clash of human interests, the fury of Brandon at bay, the pull of different temperaments, the passion of life, hatred and courage, all these things are only materials by which he builds up through a series of intense and dynamic pictures his story of proud Job at bay.

And it is done in the master manner; the characters are real, the impulses are natural, the crises grow inevitably out of characters and events—are not artificial, not manufactured to produce the climax. One can say of this book, "These things have happened, and would happen." One can discuss his characters, even argue about them—and that is a sure test of great popularity—but one argues about them as one argues about real people. That is, though some might say that "Falk wouldn't love a girl like that," or, "An Archdeacon's wife would not go off like Mrs. Brandon," there are others who will insist that Falk would, Mrs. Brandon would. That is human life. One argues about realities, not artificialities.

And there should be some arguments around "The Cathedral." There should be some blows, for instance, about the religious atmosphere of the Precincts. To an outsider it is remarkable. The one outstanding factor about these leaders of religion is that they have no religion whatsoever. There never was a more appalling collection of godless priests. It is perfectly obvious that not one of them has the faintest sense of spirituality. They are instinctive materialists to a man. Here, one would say, is the explanation why the Church has no significance in national life. There are those who will argue that this is what Mr. Walpole is out to prove, and that it is what he *does* most powerfully prove. But there will undoubtedly be others who will insist that Mr. Walpole has drawn his priests like this because, penetrating as he is in other ways, he cannot appreciate and therefore cannot understand or depict the spiritual life. They will point out that even Mr. Walpole's "good" priests seem absolutely to have no sense of religion or of the love of God, and that the best of them, the Bishop, whom Mr. Walpole calls a saint, is so lacking in these spiritual qualities that when Brandon goes to him for help and consolation, he is an utter failure. They will also, no doubt, point out that while the "modernists" declare that they aim to do away with dogma in their hope of revitalising faith, there are no indications of any sort of dogma at all in the book (save that of self-aggrandisement), and that, in fact, a little more dogma introduced into the Precincts might have had an excellent, bracing and stabilising effect on minds so "free in religion" that they naturally turned to material things.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

* "The Cathedral." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE.*

When we were in our early teens, bald-headed old gentlemen told us that the best and happiest days of our life are spent at school. Did we believe them then? No, but we do so now.

* "Public School Life." By Alec Waugh. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The average Englishman looks back on his school days with regret and sees through the avenue of years his old school in a mist surrounded by a luminous halo. All evil and all dullness are forgotten. Thus we are led to believe that all is well in the world of school. This love of Alma Mater is one of the best characteristics of the Englishman; it was much in evidence during the late war.

But Mr. Waugh is unaffected by this glamour of distance; it is not so very long ago since he was at school, and no one will deny his qualification to criticise the public schools, but even he has his limitations, in the fact that he has only an intimate knowledge of one school. It is impossible for one man to have more, except in very exceptional cases. And all schools differ in many ways; each has its own traditions, its own moral tone and its own attitude towards athleticism and the playing of games. "Fernhurst" may differ in detail from Winchester, Bradfield or Repton. Yet many of the evils discussed by the author of "The Loom of Youth" in this book are common to all schools in one degree or another, and no one can deny that the whole system of public school education is in urgent need of reform.

Undoubtedly there is much truth in what Mr. Waugh has to say in the book under review. He traces the life of an average schoolboy from his first days at a preparatory school to his last term at his public school. According to Mr. Waugh he learns much more at the former than at the latter and is also well grounded in manners and *esprit de corps* at the preparatory school. Incidentally the author deals frankly with such important subjects as Athleticism, the True Ethics of Cribbing, Morality and Romantic Friendships and other phases of public school life. He contends that the above-named are the main objects of criticism in the present system. The cult of athleticism because it realises a false scale of value; in the eyes of a schoolboy the playing of games is the all-important thing in life. This is wrong and handicaps him after he has left school. Cribbing may not always be dishonest, it is merely done out of laziness. "No one ever cribbed to gain marks." If a boy should do so he is distinctly anti-social and his conduct would meet with the disapproval of his friends. Mr. Waugh also contends that if the moral tone of a public school is to be changed we must either attempt an alternative system, or we must modify the existing system. After discussing the alternatives—co-education and the substitution of day schools for boarding schools, Mr. Waugh decides in favour of the modification of the present system, and his own remedy for these evils is that boys should leave school at the age of seventeen instead of nineteen, as at present is the case.

Mr. Waugh believes that the change should take place without appreciably altering the principle of public school education. What is needed is co-operation between boys, parents and masters. He emphasises this fact:

> "For nothing can be done until the conspiracy of silence, the policy of self-deception, the diplomacy of the merchant and his goods is broken down, till, that is to say, parents and schoolmasters meet on the common ground of co-operation, till they can look each other in the face and say, 'Things are so and it is for us to remedy.'"

This book is most interesting and sincere and we believe that it will meet with the approval of all those who are concerned in the future of the public schools; though it is sure to arouse great controversy and may shock many schoolmasters of the older generation.

For ourselves we believe that the public schools will continue to mould the character of the nation, in spite of the materialistic age in which we live, for many years to come. But they will never come into line with the trend of present-day events until their teaching has become more practical, and if they are to take their rightful place in modern democracy the cult of athleticism must be considerably modified.

EDWARD DACRE LACY.

Photo by Langfier **Mrs. Margaret Pedler.**

THE VISION OF DESIRE.*

In a day when so many novelists, given over to more or less pretentious studies in what passes for psychology, have no more story to tell than had the Needy Knifegrinder, the popularity of Mrs. Margaret Pedler is not at all surprising. For she always has a story to tell, and brings imagination, a sense of character, and a feeling for romance to the telling of it. Since the appearance of "The Hermit of Far End" she has been one of the most widely-read novelists of the day, here and in America, and in none of her stories has she woven a plot at once so simple and ingenious, or stronger in dramatic and emotional interest than she unfolds in "The Vision of Desire."

It is the story of a girl who has endured so much of poverty that she cannot bring herself to marry, though she loves him, a man who is poor. She owns her love for him, but tells him she dreads the thought of sharing even with him the poverty-haunted life that she has known too well already, and she gives herself to a wealthy lover, but knows no happiness. By the irony of circumstances, the first man inherits a fortune soon after her marriage, but he is disappointed, soured, disillusioned, a misanthrope whose faith in the goodness and honesty of women has been destroyed. Presently he meets with Ann Lovell, and after suspecting and distrusting her unconventional frankness and charm, comes to understand and to love her at last in spite of himself. There had been a little incident in Ann's past, harmless and innocent enough in reality, but capable of sinister construction. His rival for her love, in casual talk, cunningly reveals this to him, in such subtle manner as to give it its worst significance. All the doubt and cynicism his past experience had implanted in him revive; he believes the worst against her and that she has been cunningly deceiving him, and for a while there is estrangement, and all seems at an end between them. But by chance he stumbles upon the truth; his eyes are opened, he returns penitent and is forgiven. Then comes a greater test of his faith in her; or it would have come, but the woman who first wronged him has by now become the friend of Ann, and risks her own reputation to save her from a compromising experience that might have shattered again the happiness of the man whose life her own perfidy had darkened in the years that were gone. This is the mere sketchiest outline of an intensely

* "The Vision of Desire." By Margaret Pedler. 7s. 6d (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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interesting story that is full of varied incident and character. Cara Hilyard's courageous offering up of herself to save Ann and avert disaster from the man she had wronged and still loved is admirably developed and almost as poignant as the sacrifice of Sidney Carton for the sake of the woman he loved who did not love him.

R. G.

"UPLIFT" IN ART.*

The practice of analysing the why and wherefore of æsthetic pleasure is almost as repugnant to some of us as would be the holding of an autopsy on the mortal remains of the person most dear to us in the world, as abhorrent as botanising on a mother's grave. On page 93 of "The New Art, a Study of the Principles of non-representational Art and their application in the work of Lawrence Atkinson," Mr. Horace Shipp is apparently in agreement. Certainly the manner in which he expresses his concurrence is not our way, for he affects that dreadful "uplift" which spreads like a miasma over the popular organs on the other side of the Atlantic. But in the welter of words he seems to be driving at the same thing. This is what he says and how he says it :

> "The success of the appeal of an art of this kind"—he is referring to Mr. Lawrence Atkinson's abstract work in stone, marble and wood—"depends somewhat on the preparedness of others to achieve a similar receptivity and a like unsophistication. If we approach it with our theories of art, with minds stocked with intellectual cross-references in æsthetics, its appeal is more likely to be potent than is that of simple faith to the professors of dialectics and theology. That is not to say its appeal cannot be analysed, but analysis and intellectualism do not constitute the atmosphere in which its power operates."

We agree so far as we can understand the long words and turgid sentences. Why, then, does Mr. Shipp waste pen, ink and quite nice paper on a treatise which is so compact of analysis and "intellectualism" that the very atmosphere in which, according to him, this unsophistication may operate is for ever destroyed ?

Let me say, parenthetically, that one or two of the plates of Mr. Atkinson's productions, for example those entitled "Memorial" and "Aloof," have some impressiveness until we have read Mr. Shipp. Then such glory as there is fades, as does that of a joke requiring explanation. But apart from these examples, I find little that commends itself in Mr. Atkinson's work as here presented. "Sculpture Alabaster" appears to be just an amorphous block of fine-grained gypsum with meaningless lines scratched upon its surface, "Marchers," a poor parody of one of Mr. Nevinson's war pictures, "Vital," "Dance Movement" and the like sheer impertinences; whilst in the "Study of a Figure in relation to its Environment," I discover no Figure, no Environment and no evidence of Study.

But I am not so much concerned here with the artist as with his herald. Indeed, there is no indication, save the artist's portrait as frontispiece and the illustrated plates, that Mr. Atkinson is privy to Mr. Shipp's exploitation. If he has any particle of humour I would hope not. Occasionally Mr. Shipp happens upon a truth or, rather, a truism. But the exasperating thing is that he treats what we have all discovered for ourselves long, long ago as a new and wonderful revelation. Take an example at random, "Art is a language. It has a function to perform of conveying beauty or truth from the sensitive mind of the artist to the less sensitive mind of his fellow creatures." That is correct, only it is a function not confined to the artist. It is equally applicable to the writer and reader of this present humble review, which does not pretend to be art. But read what follows: "The problem which confronts the artist is the conveyance of his own vision without degrading it so that his fellows shall be lifted up"—ah ! yes, I knew that that blessed word must be in Mr. Shipp's vocabulary—"to the point of contact with the universe which has inspired him, shall see as he has seen, hear as he has heard, vibrate with his thrill, and receive through his work a like power of understanding." Prodigious, isn't it ? And so on and so on through a hundred and fifteen Pecksniffian pages. Does not Mr. Shipp know that the pure artist has no more to do with ethical exaltation than the scavenger has to do with the chemical properties of his road scrapings ? Does he not know that that was where G. F. Watts failed as artist, Charles Reade as novelist, Christina Rossetti as poet ? Admitted that to be good is the greatest adventure in the world, but goodness has of itself never produced great art, and never will. Art's fundamental appeal is to the senses. It has been pressed into the service of religion as have incense, music, dancing and other pagan things, but it is nonsense to say that it is primarily and essentially an aid to the true religion of love and virtue. It may make some people "feel good," but it has never made anyone love his fellow better than himself. This book, with its melange of "uplift" and æsthetics, is a terrible example of confused thinking. To claim as it does as the ultimate function of paint and marble the non-representational potentialities of music is as convincing as to claim that the ultimate sublimity of music is to be found in the representational possibilities of a Toy Symphony orchestra. Many years ago Paul Mallarmé wrote a string of meaningless words in the form of a poem, which when recited in the mellifluous tones of M. Robert de la Sizeranne, the eminent critic of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, suggested the sighing of the wind in forest trees, but neither he nor his reciter claimed that such an experiment proved anything more than that occasionally verse might succeed in mimicking the function of music. I would therefore earnestly beg Mr. Shipp to waste no more ink in sophistries and special pleading, but to confine himself in the lectures on modern art, which I gather he is in the habit of delivering, to such things as will make for sanity in a world that is badly in need of secure mental footholds.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "The New Art: A Study of the Principles of Non-Representational Art and Their Application in the work of Lawrence Atkinson." By Horace Shipp. With 24 full page plates. 15s. (Cecil Palmer.)

LADY TOWNLEY'S "INDISCRETIONS."*

A list of the countries in which Lady Susan Townley, as the wife of Sir Walter Townley, K.C.M.G., has travelled and lived makes the reader think that a diplomatist's career must be most enviable. Lisbon, Berlin, Rome, Peking, Constantinople, Washington, Buenos Aires, Bukarest, Teheran, The Hague—these were the centres, in order of time ; and our sympathy goes out to the author of this charming record that her so-called "indiscretions," in the view of the Foreign Office, should have "made it impossible" to advance her talented husband further in the Diplomatic Service. The reader will feel that something underhand must have occurred, though what that something was may never come to light. No personal explanation or investigation has yet been permitted, in spite of Sir Walter's requests, and he felt that no step but his resignation was adequate. Mr. Balfour, then Foreign Secretary, although accepting the resignation, begged him to remain at his post until Peace should be signed. And, says Lady Susan, "on July 1st, 1919, my husband made his bow to the public, retiring from the stage of Foreign Affairs after playing his difficult part thereon for thirty-four years." She concludes, rather sadly: "We are now living in the country and breeding large black pigs, which, if not quite so interesting, is at least more remunerative and less exacting than Diplomacy."

"After twenty-five years devoted to playing my humble part in my husband's life-work for his country, to be branded as 'indiscreet' is no light matter, nor was it pleasant to be used as the whip to lash him out of the Service." With these words we must leave the more grave aspect of Lady Susan Townley's book, and consider it as a record of her varied experiences in many lands.

* "'Indiscretions' of Lady Susan." By Lady Susan Townley. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

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As Lady Susan Mary Keppel, daughter of the seventh Earl of Albemarle, she has many interesting reminiscences to tell of her family. Her grandfather was present at the Battle of Waterloo, having a very narrow escape of being killed by a flying fragment of shell; he remembered seeing Queen Victoria as a child of seven, and attended her as groom-in-waiting at the opening of her first Parliament in 1838, at her coronation, and at her marriage. Her first chapter is occupied with these echoes of history; then, with her marriage to the Second Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, who was to maintain honourably the name of England wherever he was sent, begins her record of travel. Lisbon, in 1898, was her first foreign home, when King Carlos and Queen Amelie were ruling; next year came Berlin, and we have some vivid pictures of the ex-Kaiser. "Frequently he expressed a half-despairing admiration for the British Navy. 'Ah, never can my Navy equal yours,' he would sigh, 'for you can man your ships with sea-born crews, whereas mine come from the interior of Germany—my sailors are made, not born, and that means so much, all other things being equal!'" The outbreak of the Boer War brought embarrassments for the British, and there is an amusing epigram on the ex-Kaiser in this connection—by a German: "The Kaiser is still the same. He insists on being the infant at the christening, the bridegroom at the marriage, and the corpse at the funeral." To his personal charm the author pays tribute.

From Berlin to Rome, from Rome to Peking, from Peking to Constantinople, and then to America, where her husband was appointed Councillor of the Embassy at Washington, Lady Susan's pages run racily, and some of her most entertaining comments are caused by American social manners and the methods of the Press; of the "yellow" journals and their ways she has several scathing things to say. About her family connections the reporters became hopelessly mixed:

> "They found out their mistake in time, however, and got on the right track at last when they discovered in Lady Susan 'the real daughter of a *bona fide* Earl who goes to parties duly tagged and labelled as such.' Not only was I 'the daughter of the late belted Earl of Albemarle,' but incidentally I was also 'the sister of the present holder of the belt.'"

Soon after their arrival in America the Foreign Office ordered an official inspection to be made of all the British Consulates in that country, and this duty meant enough travelling to satisfy anybody. Lady Susan used her eyes and her notebook well, and the chapter on these impressions of various places is one of the best in her book. Her excellent "score" off a too-pertinacious reporter is very funny; but in the end the Press scored back—rather nastily—by printing absurd scandals about her, some of which were even quoted in *The Times* and caused her considerable distress.

It would be pleasant to follow Lady Susan Townley through her other journeyings—her tour in the Holy Land, her account of Buenos Aires, her visit to Belgium and the war areas; but we must refer readers to the book itself for these. It is one of the notable volumes of its kind, partly because of its unfailing vivacity, partly because it throws, towards the end, some light upon the narrow ways of diplomacy and the ease with which the most innocent actions may be misunderstood. The illustrations are well reproduced, and add to the pleasure of reading a personal narrative so well conceived and carried through.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

AN ORGY OF CRIME.*

After indulging in an orgy of crime—by proxy—one feels rather exhausted, especially when one of the crime-books is of the order of Mr. Wm. Le Queux's "Tracked by Wireless." The publishers send out with it a neat typewritten document giving a number of thrilling facts about the author, who is stated to be "one of the best-known wireless-experimenters, and a fully qualified wireless engineer." Whether he has wires concealed within him or not, I have hitherto regarded him (with pleasure) in his capacity as a prolific novelist, and his scientific achievements leave me cold when they lead him to produce a book which makes some incidents the vehicle for a good deal of technical talk.

Turning to M. Maurice Leblanc's new book, "The Eight Strokes of the Clock," I was again disappointed. It has something of that *verve* which made the creator of "Arséne Lupin" so widely popular, but somehow it does not carry the same sustained interest. I felt myself perilously near a yawn at times. There is a certain prince who achieves surprising things by a mysterious intuition, and he has as his Greek chorus and Dr. Watson a beautiful young woman who eats out of his hand and says all those things which are necessary to allow him to produce sparkling replies; at least, they are evidently intended for such. But, frankly, it is not Leblanc at his best.

Come we to "The Crimson Circle," in which Mr. Edgar Wallace, with characteristic energy, rushes us at once into one of those muddling mysteries in which his soul delights—muddling to the reader, I mean, for Mr. Wallace has the end of the thread in his left hand all the time he is scribbling away with his right. (I hope he does not use a typewriter; it would spoil my nice illustration.) Mr. Wallace does not believe in gently puzzling his readers; he likes to "hit them a kick," as the Irishman said, and then another kick, and then punch them in the stomach with a totally unexpected ending. I like that. If I am going to be assaulted, I like to succumb to a hurricane of straight lefts and rights, not a miserable little scientific tap on the point of the jaw at exactly the deadly angle. Thalia Drummond cheered me immensely; she says things of the kind a clever, but not impossible girl would say. Her repartee is not always delicate—if ever—but it is tremendously to the point. I am never quite sure whether Mr. Wallace was a criminal or a detective in a previous existence, but whichever he was I am sure he was a hugely jolly one. The story is really thrilling, and the secret is not easily guessed; at any rate, it was too much for my innocent mind. As long as the author can go on turning out books of this kind he should lack neither publishers nor readers.

Mr. Charles J. Dutton, the author of "Out of the Darkness," is a stranger to me. Possibly I confess myself an ignoramus in the world of criminology by the admission, but let me hasten to add that I shall look forward to seeing another book of his. "Out of the Darkness" comes nearer to the thoughtful style of the Gaboriau novels than any I have seen for some time. I do not say that it reaches so high a level, but there is a careful attention to detail, and there are certain small delicacies of touch that make it very pleasant reading. I do not forget what I have just said about the big blow; but Mr. Dutton gets in his big blows too, though in a different way. The scene is laid in America and concerns a murder, and the chief personage is a highly refined and educated investigator whose hobby is rare books. I liked him very much, save for one thing: the author *will* make him "grin" and "turn an amused look" on his friends at moments at which I am quite sure he would never have done such things. For Mr. Bartley was a nice man. Apart from that the story is excellent. It is related by a friend who is frankly a humble admirer of his chief, but who dares to have an opinion of his own, and does not invariably utter those irritating fatuities which some authors consider it necessary to place in the mouth of their Dr. Watson. Nor is Mr. Bartley always maddeningly superior. Altogether, I read with deep interest the account of the mysterious death of one Slyke, found in his bed with a revolver clasped in his hand. Bartley is already on the spot by a perfectly allowable coincidence, and he at once takes up the case. The local chief of police frightened me at first; I thought he was going to prove the conventional silly ass. But not so. Indeed, I caught myself sympathising with him once or

* "Out of the Darkness." By Charles J. Dutton. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)—"The Crimson Circle." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Eight Strokes of the Clock." By Maurice Leblanc. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Tracked by Wireless." By William Le Queux. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

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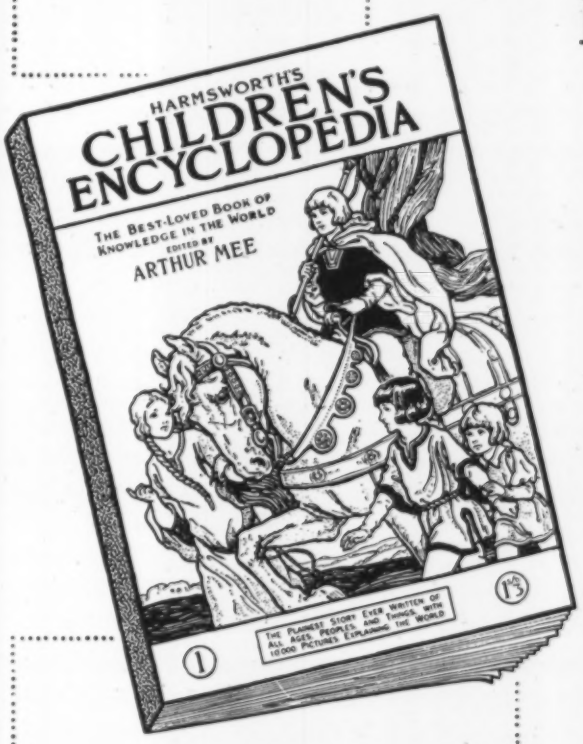
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twice, and sneering privately at Bartley's statements, until the latter explained to the pair of us the observations and deductions which we ought to have made ourselves.

It is a fascinating business, this detection of crime. But it is a little hard on the criminal, don't you think? He is always found out.

F. D. G.

IRISH SECRET SOCIETIES.*

The task which Captain Pollard has set himself is by no means an easy one. The very essence of the so-called "secret" societies of Ireland lay in the care with which their records were preserved from prying eyes. The influence which they exercised over a superstitious peasantry was largely derived from the prevailing ignorance of their actual membership and actions. They were popularly credited with influencing events to a degree entirely beyond their powers, and thus by virtue of their very "secrecy" they obtained a hold upon the imagination of the people which no public organisation could have hoped to secure.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining definite historical data, Captain Pollard has written a most readable book, and one that will take its place as a source of future histories. Where he speculates, he does so in the light of information laboriously collected; where he quotes authorities, they may be relied upon as authentic. If the net result is not a collection of facts as accurate as those of a mathematician, it is at least a truthful picture of the Irish societies as seen through the eyes of the average Englishman.

The author, probably wisely, does not concern himself with the semi-legendary societies of the Middle Ages, which had their origin with Finn MacCool and his band of associates, the Fianna. His record begins with the Defenders of the seventeenth century, between whom and the Spanish *Garduña* he traces an affinity. From the Defenders he passes to the United Irishmen and so to the Fenians and the Irish Republican Brotherhood. The greater part of the book is devoted to the various developments of these latter during the last hundred years. In an extremely interesting chapter he gives a sketch of the international secret societies as they existed during the wave of unrest which passed over Europe in the middle of the last century, and demonstrates how the I.R.B. borrowed from the *Carbonari*:

"There is, as yet, no definite proof of direct affiliation between Carbonarism and any Irish society, but there are marked analogies, both in object and mechanism, and there is always the fact that any revolution in Europe has had an immediate echo in turbulent Ireland without the need of propaganda from the European source."

Of the capture of Sinn Fein by the I.R.B. Captain Pollard says:

"In 1906 the policy of Sinn Fein was adopted by the I.R.B. and the Clan-na-Gael. . . . But the leaders of the secret societies never lost faith in physical force and armed rebellion as the only possible solvent of the Irish problem. They knew Irish character better than did Arthur Griffith, and they knew that physical force is the only convincing argument that an Irishman really understands."

The present year has seen the end of the unholy alliance between Sinn Fein and the I.R.B., which are now represented by the Free State and Republican parties respectively. Captain Pollard chronicles the principal events of the intermediate period, and also the reactions produced by these events upon the American societies, notably the Clan-na-Gael. On the subject of the latter society he has collected some very interesting documents, of which the most arresting are the "Ritual" of the Society and a report of its annual Convention at Boston last year.

The final chapter of the book is entitled "The Psychology of Irish Crime." Admirable though it may be as an essay upon the subject with which it deals, one cannot help feeling that it is out of place in a work which is otherwise valuable from its impartiality. That the author himself to some extent shares this feeling is evident from almost the first sentence of the chapter:

"Ideas on the subject of the psychology of the Irish Gael must necessarily be purely individual theories and may quite conceivably reinforce the old-established truism that the English can never understand the Irish."

If this sentence be borne in mind, there is no reason why the chapter should detract from the value of a book which is undeniably one of the most important contributions to the record of Ireland in modern times.

A series of appendices contains certain documents bearing on the subject of the book, such as a reference to *An T'Oglac*, the organ of the Irish Republican Army, and a transcript of the "Laws, Rules and Regulations for the Government of the I.R.B." A carefully compiled index and copious notes referring to authorities quoted add greatly to the usefulness of the book.

C. J. C. STREET.

* "The Secret Societies of Ireland, their Rise and Progress." By Captain H. B. C. Pollard. (Philip Allan.)

ELLE ET LUI.*

This is a wonderfully fascinating volume. It is both charming and searching; for, in the most cordial and delightful way, it discusses some of the deepest problems of art and life. The matter discussed, the method of discussion and the persons discussing might all have been chosen by a master of the philosophic dialogue, so apt is everything to the purpose; and yet, what we actually have is nothing ordered or arranged, but the written gossip of two old friends, novelists both—two old troubadours, as they call themselves—the one a cloistered bachelor growing elderly, the other a grandmother unquenchably interested in her own brood and in the brood of humanity generally.

"We are, I think," writes George Sand, "the two most different workers that exist; but since we like each other that way, it is all right." And the reader may be sure that it is quite all right. It seems a very delightful thing that two such strongly divergent literary characters should have grown to such a liking, more especially as the man was a difficult, intolerant and self-absorbed artist. Nay, his most famous novel might be called a counter-blast to the George Sand theory of life. Emma Bovary is a George Sand character painted without pity or sentiment of any kind; for impersonality, logical, scientific impersonality in art, was the quality that Flaubert strove after unceasingly.

But Flaubert found George Sand delightful; and so will every reader of this volume. If all the books she wrote are forgotten, she will endure as a wonderful, fascinating creature, charming at all her ages. She is certainly the better man of the two in this volume. Gustave, the great big Norman, buried in his study and torturing his brain for the right word, is sensitive, moody, sulky, destructive, denunciatory, intolerant; George, writing placidly on, in the intervals of teaching her grandchildren, dressing dolls, nursing her son, botanising and taking daily plunges in the icy Indre (at sixty-eight, too!) is kind, forgiving, consolatory, restorative. Her vitality is amazing. She is interested in everything, because she likes most things. Flaubert hated most things—the bourgeois, the common people, the government, false artists, universal suffrage, Paris, crowds, and so forth. The clanking of the tug-boat chain in the river near his home infuriated him. Indeed, it might be said that his laborious art was a failure precisely because he gave to details the attention that was meant for the whole. But George Sand didn't mind the chain. Its oddity pleased her because it was a part of something:

"I love everything that makes up a *milieu*; the rolling of the carriages and the noise of the workmen in Paris, the cries of a thousand birds in the country, the movement of the ships on the waters. I love also absolute, profound silence, and in short, I love everything that is around me, no matter where I am."

I am reminded of a sentence of Bagehot's: "Any attempt to produce a likeness of what is not really *liked*

* "The George Sand—Gustave Flaubert Letters." Translated by Aimée L. McKenzie. With an Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

by the person who is describing it, will end in the creation of what may be correct, but is not living—of what may be artistic, but is likewise artificial." Isn't that just what is the matter with Flaubert's creations? It is possible to admire the art with which he paints that frightful, appalling picture of the crucified lions in "Salammbô," but it is also possible to dislike the artistic nature that imagines such a horror and works with unimaginable labour to make its horror horrible.

Flaubert was a Nietzschean before Nietzsche. Like the bourgeois that he was, he had a fanatical belief in aristocracy. The few, the mandarins, the choice few—these are all that matter; as for the swinish multitude, let them run violently down a steep place into the sea, and the sooner the better! Well, we all have these moods; but Flaubert held this tenaciously, not as a mood, but as a faith. "Universal suffrage" provokes screams of fury from him. It is the root of all evil in France; it is the cause of French aggression before 1870, the cause of French failure in 1870, the cause of the Empire, the cause of the Commune, and so on. His mind is worth twenty of the Rouen shopkeeper's mind, and he should have twenty times the shopkeeper's political power. Poor Flaubert! The practical shopkeeper was no doubt certain that he was at least ten times as useful as an author whose works always failed, and should therefore have ten times the political power. Flaubert (like all the other people who talk about "aristocracy" against "democracy"—those empty words!) forgot that "aristocracy" had been tried for about two thousand years and had failed everywhere. What was the French Revolution that he cursed so vigorously but the blazing bankruptcy of aristocratic government? Let us despise, if we like, the foolish people who imagine a Utopia of equality; but let us despise also the still more foolish people who delude themselves with a Utopia of inequality.

To all his diatribes George Sand returns, in many delightful and magnanimous forms, one unvarying answer: there is no aristocracy or democracy or any other such delusion; there are just people, good, bad, indifferent; living, loving, suffering; behaving wisely or stupidly or wickedly. Her outlook is that of Dickens or Shakespeare. She has the big soul of Scott. We are all part of humanity; who are we that we should judge and condemn? Even the war did not shatter her faith. You and your emperors and nobles and aristocracies (she says in effect) are now once more at their old work of destruction. Is it they who can save the world? No:

> "The peasant is working and ploughing his fields; digging hard always, sad or gay. He is imbecile, people say; no, he is a child in prosperity, a man in disaster, more of a man than we who complain; he says nothing, and while people are killing, he is sowing, repairing continually on one side what they are destroying from the other."

It is a Hardy poem in prose.

All through, the honours of the argument are with her. Against the sophistry of hate she proclaims her belief that the only creative force in the world is love.

Indeed it seems to me that the book is a kind of parable. It is a discussion not merely between two different types of mind, but between the two sides of our own individual souls. It embodies the eternal antiphony of Justice and Mercy.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE WANDERING YEARS.*

Whether in the singing of tender, dainty, joy-imparting lyrics, or in the telling of stories radiating sweetness and light in their appreciation and presentation of the triumph of the best that is in human nature, Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) has long demonstrated her power to charm

* "The Wandering Years." By Katharine Tynan. (Constable.)

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wide circles of readers. Still longer has she demonstrated that genius for friendship which has charmed all who have known her well. In something like a fresh manifestation of the book autobiographical she has, by simple, natural self-expression, given us something in which the charms of the poet, the novelist and the friend are by some happy alchemy combined.

It is now nine years since Katharine Tynan gave us in "Twenty-Five Years" the first volume of her reminiscences, and this is the third of its successors. Each one, thanks to her engaging fashion of transmuting experience into words, has left the reader ready to welcome another, and few, I fancy, will be those who will not find pleasure in the closing hint that the author has yet more gossip, musings and anecdote in reserve. The easy, friendly way in which Mrs. Hinkson pens her reminiscences gives us the impression now that we are reading such delightful discursive letters as were written in days when leisure was productive of pleasure rather than boredom, and now that we are listening to a flow of cheerful conversation.

The wandering years are roughly those that extend from the close of the war up to the time when it seemed that the Truce in Ireland promised at long last to bring settled happiness to that distracted country. Many of us find the Irish as individuals so lovable and attractive, that we can only view with bewilderment the seeming perversity with which they act as a people—never at peace as it was long since said, except when quarrelling. Here, fortunately, it is with the lovable individual that we are concerned, and it may be said at once that all the charm shown in Mrs. Hinkson's earlier reminiscences is manifested once more in her new volume of easy, kindly talk. She tells us of many people, notable and otherwise, and has the happy knack of making us no less interested in the latter than the former; she embodies many scraps of out-of-the-way war lore gathered from her two soldier sons and the intimate talk of their friends; she gives us glimpses of that strange mass of contradictions the Ireland which was distracted between the activities of the Sinn Feiners and the Black-and-Tans; she takes us visiting with her to England, Scotland and Italy. Wherever she goes and whomever she meets, she has something to observe, to note and to tell us about—if it be only after casual talk with an Irish workman in a Glasgow tramcar, and always in the telling she enlists and retains our interested attention. Always, too, there is that intense love of her country which gives something of a radiant atmosphere to all that she writes. There is a delightful passage concerning Killiney, the suburbanism of which was never less than distressing and "on Sundays was overwhelming."

> "There was one strange absence in it, the sense of exhilaration. Now exhilaration is something that overflows in Ireland. You are always coming upon it and being caught into its wild swirl and eddy; when it releases you it leaves you laughing and gasping, with an uplifted heart to go all the way with reminiscent gurgles and chuckles that make you ashamed to meet the eye of your sober and dignified fellow-traveller. It means 'touching the ground in an odd place' as you walk, and a sensation as though you were a balloon and might fly away at any moment, and it causes a rosy view of everything for some hours at least, and a waking up at night with a sensation of something very pleasant having happened."

Not altogether unlike the exhilaration of the kind that is there indicated is, as it seems to me, that which the sympathetic reader gets from Mrs. Hinkson's reminiscences. There is something of that implicit sympathy which is one of the elusive secrets of happy companionship to be felt throughout her volume. She may indulge in digs at those Londoners who are losing the habit of giving up their seats in overcrowded bus or tube train to women; may wax indignant over the behaviour of Italians towards their beasts of burden—but such are only further manifestation of a catholic sympathy which seems to embrace all but bores and the discourteous. "The Wandering Years" completes a quartet of most companionable volumes, affording glimpses of a large number of the author's contemporaries, an abundance of good stories and a constant appreciation of the value of the true elixir vitæ—good humour.

WALTER JERROLD.

LORD ERNEST HAMILTON'S MEMOIRS.*

Following the example of his two elder brothers, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Frederic Hamilton, Lord Ernest Hamilton has now written his reminiscences. It is not his first book, of course; but his previous works were of another description, such as "The Outlaws of the Marches" and "Involution." This new venture is as interesting as the somewhat similar volumes of Lord Frederic Hamilton, which have proved so popular; and though, inevitably, the same ground is covered at the outset, Lord Ernest has found much new material to relate of his early days and the family life of his father, the first Duke of Abercorn and the most distinguished holder of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A book might be compiled concerning the wonderful genealogy of the Hamiltons, for they form the connecting link of relationship which exists between nearly all the best representatives of the old aristocracy of Britain. Sixty years ago Society was really like one large family, and Lord Ernest's mother, Louisa Duchess of Abercorn, could have claimed to be related to all its most distinguished members. She was the daughter of the Duke of Bedford and sister of the first Earl Russell. Through her mother she was the granddaughter of the Duke of Gordon. She married a duke and had a duke for a son. Her seven daughters became respectively the Countess of Lichfield, the Countess of Durham, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess Winterton, the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the Marchioness of Blandford, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne. Her numerous titled descendants include the present or future Dukes of Marlborough, Buccleuch, Abercorn, Leeds, and Devonshire.

It was Louisa Duchess of Abercorn and her seven daughters who were described by Disraeli in "Lothair." Their town residence he called Crecy House: it was in reality Chesterfield House. Lord Ernest Hamilton has much to relate of his childhood there, and at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin; and his youth at Barons Court, the Duke of Abercorn's beautiful seat in the County Tyrone, with its embowering woods and chain of lakes. The Duke, his father, was *un grand seigneur* of the old school, who treated his tenants as feudal vassals. Yet they were devoted to him and admired him exceedingly. Lord Ernest overheard one of them say about his brother, the second Duke: "The Deuk's a nice affable kind of man." "He is that," replied his companion, "but give me the ould Deuk. Sure he'd look at you as though you were the very dirt under his feet." The Irish peasantry, despite their love of a fight and occasional murder of a landlord, do not seem to resent harsh speech or arrogance from their superiors. I remember, when staying in County Cork, an old beggar coming up to my hostess, in her carriage, and requesting alms. She refused very roughly and told him to be off. Instead of the torrent of sanguinary abuse which would have ensued in England, the old man only said, very respectfully: "I should have been very grateful for a little help, however small, my lady"—the ceremonious title being gratuitous and of an imaginary description.

Lord Ernest's earliest recollections reach back to the sixties; but he puts one matter rather inaccurately when he says: "In the sixties, though foppery was on the wane, and had its contemptuous scoffers among the more virile school, there were still, among the older generation, many surviving specimens of the Dundreary idiot." But Dundreary as a type only became known for the first

* "Forty Years On." By Lord Ernest Hamilton. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton,)

time in 1862, after Edward Sothern's caricature of the "swell" of the period in the play, "Our American Cousin." And I doubt if Lord Ernest is correct in saying that such names as Pall Mall, Berkshire and Derby, owe their corrupt vowel sound in polite pronunciation to the affected language of the septuagenarians of the sixties. The case of Pall Mall is certainly older, for it takes its name from the game of Pell Mell, played in St. James's Park in the time of Charles II: it is the spelling which has changed, not the sound.

Lord Ernest in due course joined the 11th Hussars, and has much to tell of the recreations of the officers at Colchester, Hounslow, and Ballincollig, the vast and dreary cavalry barracks, on the outskirts of Cork, which once knew Bradlaugh and Thomson, the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night"—the one as a trooper, the other as an army schoolmaster. On one occasion at Hounslow, the chorus of the Gaiety Theatre went down to a dance and were put up for the remainder of the night, two ladies being assigned to each vacant bedroom, and all were treated "with distant respect." But the escapade became known, *The World* and other papers made insulting comments, and the old Duke of Cambridge directed a furious reprimand to the regiment.

Lord Ernest Hamilton has later adventures to relate in the Klondyke, Peru, and Greece, before the close of his very entertaining book.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE NINETEEN HUNDREDS.*

One sits down to the fare provided by Mr. Auberon as a gourmet sits down to a well-selected dinner. The lively chronicler of "The Nineteen Hundreds" is an excellent literary chef, and understands to a nicety the critical palate of his guests. And what a pleasure to dine once more in pre-war London to the accompaniment of such a store of racy anecdotes and *bon mots* of and about personalities!

Mr. Auberon has certainly skimmed the best of life and although his new volume of reminiscences deals with the smaller fry of the literary and theatrical world, he has cunningly managed to invest even the smallest poet and pettiest actor with a halo not only of interest but of romance. He is the biographer *par excellence* of the "nobodies," as he boldly boasts, and when a "somebody" accidentally stumbles across the footlights, his light is not thereby diminished in the shining galaxy of the "nobodies."

Mr. Auberon has set his face sternly against the besetting sin of the memoirist—snobbism—and those in search of mere titles are politely referred to Burke and Debrett. It is certainly a merit. Lords and ladies are best dealt with in fiction, where they are perhaps more true to life! Has anyone, by any chance, heard of a "nobody" who gloried in the name of Hereward Drake? He was a great man in his day, a sort of super-Bowdler and Billy Sunday rolled into one, who did not wish so much to expurgate as to popularise and bring the Scriptures up to date. Here is a typical example of the Drake method:

"1 Kings xiii. 7: And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." The Hereward Drake version: "His Majesty said to the clergyman, 'Come along home with me, old chap, and I'll stand you a drink and make it worth your while."

Drake's monumental work received short shrift at the hands of the reviewers, but as his biographer tells us, his diligence was not wholly wasted. His scholarship so impressed a certain Colonial university that the gifted author was appointed to a chair of English Literature and Biblical Research!

It is curious and interesting to find the late Andrew Carnegie in such mixed society. Mr. Auberon is pleased

* "The Nineteen Hundreds." By Reginald Auberon. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

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XUM

to record the fact that his lines have not fallen much among millionaires. Like Browning who only knew one poet in his life (at least, so he said) the author of "The Nineteen Hundreds" only knew one millionaire, the dour laird of Dunfermline, of whom we have an excellent pen-portrait, reminiscent of Carlyle:

"My acquaintance with Carnegie did not last more than ten minutes at the most. He struck me as a domineering old man, with no thoughts removed any great distance beyond the acquisition of money and power. Also I never came across anybody so full of questions. The fact that we had only just met, and were not at all likely ever to see one another again, did not curb his inquisitiveness in the least. His questions to me ranged over all sorts of subjects. He wanted to know how much money I made, and why I didn't make more; if 4s. 6d. wasn't an 'outrageous price' to pay for a pair of gloves; if I thought women were getting 'more forward'; if poets (with the honourable exception of those who came from Scotland) were not 'feckless bodies,' and a score of other problems to which, in schoolmaster fashion, he demanded a prompt answer and one that should square with his own preconceived views."

Mr. Auberon's bag is a mixed one. We hear a good bit about Irving and his stalwart henchman, Bram Stoker. One does not know really how much Irving owed to Stoker or what he would have done without the colossal guardian of the gates of the Lyceum. Bram's touching fidelity to his great chief is less a tribute to Irving than to Stoker himself. We are getting a better perspective of Irving now, and we do not think he was really so heroic or nearly so morally great as his industrious and faithful secretary who, as Mr. Auberon reiterates, had more brains than the whole pack of idlers and sycophants who literally sat at Irving's feet. Stoker must have been an ideal secretary, perhaps at times a trifle *entêté*, but then he had no patience with the Irving set who ate up the Lyceum treasury. Bram did not make much money and although he is known to literary fame as the author of the weird and thrilling "Dracula," he, as he confessed, was far more proud of his little technical brochure on the "Duties of Clerks of Petty Sessions"!

The author has one or two good stories about Wells and Bennett. The "somebodies" *will* intrude at the expense of the poor "nobodies." Mr. Auberon hits off Mr. Bennett thus colloquially:

"A curious fellow, Arnold Bennett. Despite all the long years he has lived in London he has never really lost his Staffordshire accent, and still contrives to look like a provincial who has come from the Midlands to see a Cup tie. Early habits are strong, and it is said of him that whenever he goes into a restaurant he instinctively turns his plate upside down to identify the manufacturer's trade-mark."

It seems a pity to spoil the reader's palate by picking out the best plums in Mr. Auberon's book, but we can assure the reader that these are merely one or two taken at random. We cannot resist the little anecdote about H. G. Wells, who is the least bumptious of men and when he is not writing novels still retains his old affection for lace and ribbons, and is always ready to chat about old times in the drapery world with his former associates:

"It happened that one of these individuals who had not kept very close track of his career, met him one afternoon, coming out of his club. 'They tell me you've got on fine, Mr. Wells, since you left us,' he remarked. 'Thank you, I'm not doing so badly,' was the reply. 'Yes,' said his former fellow-apprentice, 'they tell me you're at Harrods now!'"

Mr. Auberon is to be congratulated on a thoroughly tip-top and racy volume.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

WINTER WHEAT.

Each book from Miss Delafield's pen shows a greater attention to form. At first she did not so much write stories as take basic qualities and combine them. She showed us the surface of life as it actually is, showed us that its crumples and hardenings were the consequences of what was going on below. Like an X-ray she gazed through wrappings and concealments and pretences and made us—all feeling that we were looking at our naked selves—gaze with her. She gave us, indeed, not stories but studies. In "The Optimist,"[1] however, she has at last written a shaped and engrossing story. The Optimist is a clergyman, a handsome, exasperating man, and the book is concerned with the relationship between him and his children—the clear-sighted Lucilla, the modern David, the weak Adrian, the honest, impulsive Valeria, and the hysterical Flora. Their father—really more a type than a man—is the hub of the wheel, and they are the spokes. His is the Victorian outlook, theirs the modern, and Miss Delafield contrasts them. The book is delightfully funny. The scene between the jilted lover and the Canon, the picture of the Canon at a silly light-hearted party, the interview between him and the little builder, they are inimitable. The story, however, has a weakness, for it is founded on a misapprehension of the modern attitude towards parents. The Canon would not have affected his children so much. They would have regarded him as what he was, old-fashioned and to be put up with, but he would have had no terrors for them and have been of little importance in their lives. Even though they lived in the country, the change that has come over the world is everywhere, a thing of atmosphere.

Mary A. Hamilton's new book, "Follow My Leader,"[2] though practically concerned with the same subject—a strong father's effect on his children—is more true to life, although neither so interesting nor so well written. John Heriot is a big man, but his children are not unnaturally impressed by his size, and they see his faults clearly. It was E. M. Delafield who put into my hands Mrs. Hamilton's remarkable "Last Fortnight," a book which decided me to read everything that author wrote; but "Follow My Leader" is disappointing. Elections have so often been described in novels, and never yet have they been made interesting. Capitalists and communists—who wants to read about them in a story? They are for the lecture hall and the pamphlet and all other forms of propaganda.

When last in Elinor Mordaunt's austere sitting-room, the galley slips of "Alas, that Spring—!"[3] were hanging over the back of a chair, and we discussed the title as to whether it was good or bad. I still think it bad, the bad name of a good book that should have been published—having a spring-like quality—at the turn of the year. The theme is the lonely girl—lonelier than girls ever are—who loves an unworthy youth, and when she realises the depths of that unworthiness (and he is the flimsiest of men), slips quietly out of life. People with such deep, narrow, concentrated feelings are fortunately rare. The bulk of us are mellowed by the troubles and trials of this mortal life. Nevertheless it is the exceptions about whom we write. As Mrs. Mordaunt knows exactly what will bore and what interest, she holds the attention from start to finish, and her picture of country life in Ireland has an enchanting freshness. The O'Haras and Rorkes and Blakes are so young and so foolish, and their foolishness is so natural. We have to thank Mrs. Mordaunt for a very charming book.

Mr. George is a writer who brings the soaring fancy back to earth, and if the reader's taste be catholic he will be glad of "The Stiff Lip,"[4] for a change. In fiction women have it largely their own way at the moment and they are apt to be a little serious. It is pleasant to turn from them to the comfortable earthiness of men. Not that Mr. George's heroine of thirty-eight would have thought herself older than her lover of the same age or have surrendered him in that altruistic fashion. But this is not a book to be taken seriously. It was written for our enjoyment, and therefore we need not worry as to whether the psychology is true to life.

[1] "The Optimist." By E. M. Delafield. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
[2] "Follow My Leader." By Mary Agnes Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)
[3] "Alas, that Spring—!" By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
[4] "The Stiff Lip." By W. L. George. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Five sowings of winter wheat and that of the greatest promise, "Annette and Bennett,"[5] is by Gilbert Cannan! Here is a writer who sees more deeply than any of the others which, considering how good are "The Optimist" and "Alas, that Spring—!" is rather wonderful. Mr. Cannan has a broad outlook, and though it is not exactly mellow, he seems to have inherited it from the Tristram Shandy age. His style is broken and jumpy, but the things he says are arresting:

"Twice in her life she had fallen in love, with a passion so violent as in each case to alarm the object of it and force him to take refuge where he could. Most of us in self-preservation are more or less in love with two or three people at the same time and carry on a subterranean existence of sentiment and sympathy which turns superficial living into a bearable joke."

There, in a sentence, you have the difference between the loving of men and women—and the book is illumined throughout by similar flashes of wisdom.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

POETRY FOR READERS AND POETRY FOR POETS.*

There are writers' poets and readers' poets. The average craftsman is not at all interested in the books of verse that are issued obviously with an eye on popularity, and the average reader knows nothing and cares less about that lofty succession of poets beginning, perhaps, with Edmund Spenser, whose æsthetic quality and austere craft are as far removed from the atmosphere of showmanship as are the penguins in polar waters or the thrush of an English summer.

Everyman's meat is so often the poet's poison that the volume which has an attraction for poet and public alike is a rarity. If the fortunes of the four volumes on our list could be followed with exactitude after they have left the publishers' hands it would be interesting to see which of them makes the twofold appeal. Of one only can we prophesy with any assurance: Miss Jean Guthrie-Smith's "Adventure Square" will be read and enjoyed by those who admire good and honest craftsmanship as well as by those who welcome a book for the sheer pleasure to be derived from it, apart altogether from her fellow-citizens on the northern side of the Tweed.

The first of three sections in "Adventure Square" is entitled "Glasgow." There it was, among the streets and squares of that great city, that Miss Guthrie-Smith made her first ventures and adventures in verse. She has sung of the bloated face, the cough and the cackle, and the gas-flare paling through the grimy globe in the misty little shops, as readily and as musically as she sang later of the cowslip-strewn meadows or the moon that "bloomed like an Easter lily in the sky." The development revealed in her work as we pass from that first section to the second, called "London," is not manifested by any difference of outlook but by a sounder choice, a clarifying and surer clamping, as it were, among the material used in the amazingly smooth arabesque-work of her expression. "The Man Returns" is the best example of her early verse from this standpoint. It is a beautiful piece of emotional description, making its effect by its simple humanism, and preparing the reader for a group of lyrics which are a sheer delight from their opening lines about the lady from the sunny South in the Italian quarter—

> "Brightly scarfed and leaning still
> On your sooty window sill"—

by way of the street market, Wapping Old Stairs, a Thames-side wharf, a lecture-room, London birds, butterflies in

[5] "Annette and Bennett." By Gilbert Cannan. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

* "Adventure Square." Poems by Jean Guthrie-Smith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"A Poor Man's Riches." By Charles Dalmon. (Methuen.)—"Many Voices." By E. Nesbit. 4s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Hundred and One Harlequins." By Sacheverell Sitwell. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

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Poplar, the British Museum reading-room, to the lyrics and triolets on Bloomsbury, Shoreditch, and

"These rakish roofs of Bermondsey
With chimneys that grimace and wink."

Miss Guthrie-Smith's "Adventure Square" is, as she tells us in one of her brightest songs, anywhere that another adventurer and she together have haunted. The confidence with which she thus honours the reader makes the concluding section, entitled "Malabar," as convincing for him in its fancifulness as though she were still dealing with some such actuality as Glasgow or London. Perhaps she is. For her words are coloured lanterns that light up the appalling dinginess of the modern city, and few who follow her singing, butterfly journey will resist her mood, that changes from sad to glad as often almost as she sets a new lantern swinging warmly on the chill drabness. Miss Guthrie-Smith needs only that her lamplighting shall be a little less haphazard—some of her lines are over rich, while others, set in conjunction, are noticeably thin; and she cannot fail to gain an even surer place as a sweet and true singer of the city.

Mr. Charles Dalmon has no concern with cities—nor, indeed, with that part of the country-side which is sullen from the rumbling and racket of chars-à-bancs and motor-cars. He does not even protest against such an outrage. He ignores it. He sings his "Early Morning Meadow Song" as though there are milkmaids still in England which, of course, is the truth:

"Now some may drink old vintage wine
To ladies gowned with rustling silk,
But we will drink to dairymaids,
And drink to them in rum and milk;
O, it's up in the morning early,
When the dew is on the grass,
And St. John's bell rings for matins,
And St. Mary's rings for mass."

In the exquisite "Legend of Cherries" he goes back to the time when St. Joseph's cottage was standing, and the infant Jesus wandered by His mother's side into the neighbouring cherry wood. That there was a cherry wood for the little Master's playground we do not doubt after reading Mr. Dalmon. Many a reader will be glad of this volume of Arcadian delights, enriched with those wonderful Sussex place-names which Mr. Kipling and Mr. Belloc love to smuggle like jewels into their poets' knapsack. And many a fellow craftsman will sigh for Mr. Dalmon's extraordinary simplicity and lack of sophistication in an era when the pistol of sophistication and complexity is being presented at every poet's head, and, far oftener than not, effectively.

The name of Miss E. Nesbit is familiar to readers and writers alike, and endeared to them long since by a considerable output of gifted prose and verse. Her latest volume, "Many Voices," is especially welcome. It opens with a poem which affects us strangely. The poignant and ghostly return of a dead wife to her old home that had been so much to her, with its polished beechwood and shining brass, its gleam of china, black-faced presses and tall candles—of this, and its pathetic sequel, she tells in a simple, graphic style and no more than seventy lines. Miss Nesbit is always successful when she attempts a narrative in verse. "The Fire" is equally charming. But, for technical accomplishment, including rhyme-endings always original and always inevitable and finely certain, there is nothing in the book to compare with "The December Rose":

"Here's a rose that blows for Chloe,
Fair as ever a rose in June was;
Now the garden's silent, snowy,
Where the burning summer noon was."

We turn to Mr. Sitwell's book, and at once all speculation as to whether we are examining poetry that will appeal to poets or readers, or both, is forgotten. Few ordinary mortals will appreciate these bizarre, closely-printed but rather "woolly"-minded pieces which flout all laws of rhyme and rhythm and yet seem to have a peculiar fascination for certain folk whom we suppose the author would regard as the elect. However, the first test of a rebel in poetry is whether or not he has previously mastered the conventional kind of verse. We make the test in Mr. Sitwell's case, and leave him at that. "What did God say when He ordered birds?" he asks in one piece; we choose the answer to that conundrum-like query because it is a fairly representative specimen of his infrequent technical conformity:

"I insist on at least two coats a year
And made of material that will not tear.
They shall search the grass to find their food,
Leaving a flash of light where they stood.
In case on their search they find some fruit
They shall float in the air and have wings to suit.
Crests I'll allow them as gay as flowers
And plumes that gleam bright as jewels, even through showers.
But I won't have them always calling My name,
They must imitate man, and make him feel shame."

THOMAS MOULT.

Novel Notes.

BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Had a mere Britisher written "Babbitt," England might have had to recall her Ambassador from Washington. As it is, one fears Mr. Sinclair Lewis will suffer exceedingly from the hands of his own countrymen for his merciless delineation of the American business man, as revealed in George F. Babbitt, of the hustling town of Zenith. This reviewer has always found a smack of the ingenuous schoolboy about Americans of all kinds; but the American "booster" is the most naïve of the lot, with his continued babbling of big business and his pathetic belief in industrial slogans and shibboleths. George F. Babbitt is a very vulgar little man, but he is so intensely human in his crude ambitions and mean pleasures that one cannot help liking him just as one likes Pepys and Boswell. On the subject of a standardised American town whose only ideals are sales and advertising, Sinclair Lewis is immense. "Main Street" is very mild stuff compared with the devastating irony of "Babbitt." The pity of the book is that vulgar George is an idealist, who in his youth had a recurrent idea of beauty that came to him as a fairy child. Early middle-age saw him up to the eyes in more or less dishonest "real estate" business, with an uninteresting wife and three children of the same description. He is what his Zenith friends call a great "josher," and his crude merriment is joyous enough. This is the most courageous book that has ever been written about American life, not even excepting the proscribed novels of Upton Sinclair.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Sinclair Lewis.**

DEEDLES. By Sidney Hastings Webb. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Webb is the apostle of light-heartedness—a little too light for our taste at times, perhaps, but still, good-natured fooling. Deedles is the heroine of his book, which proclaims on the title page, "Deedles not Wordles." The idea is good and well carried out; one fancies it would make a jolly play. The smashing of a valuable idol calls for the ingenuity of two young men to replace it before the owner discovers the damage. How they do it

is Mr. Webb's secret, and we will not give it away—to use a colloquialism that he would relish. But we were really entertained, despite our Early Victorian mind, by a number of his situations and the cheery way in which he describes them. For a dull railway journey, or the evening of the day on which you have received your income-tax demand note, this is just the right book. You will laugh heartily at Mr. Webb's quaint conceits and the situations he brings about.

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN. By George Gibbs. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

This is a novel of outstanding merits, for George Gibbs not only holds the mirror up to nature with a very steady hand—with equal steadiness he holds it up at various angles and compels us to look. It is a book one returns to both during and after reading to enjoy again some neat facility of phrasing or to estimate afresh some challenging judgment or instance of real insight into very different types of character. He pillories the follies of the American flapper (flappers are full sisters the world over) and makes it clear that she never had a chance to have real sense—until the crash comes. When she is thrown on her own resources she is not found wanting; whereas her mother, whose only qualification for that high function was that she was a woman and the wife of Jim Mohun, remains a fool to the end. Throughout it is a story of "the cider of life flavoured rather highly with the vinegar of experience"—bright youngsters who think they are tasting life when they are only hitting the high places and imagine they achieve freedom by the simple process of ignoring all restraint. The author has given us a fine study of contemporary life, the hot, eager search for happiness, the price paid for riches and the joys and sorrows of those who are always poor. Supreme test of courage—he dares to be sentimental when loyalty to fact demands it!

THE CURSE OF KÂLI. By Arthur Greening. 6s. net. (Jarrolds.)

"With sobbing breath and pounding pulses Tom Tempest stood in the grasp of the powerful Thugs and watched Juzzedera, high priest of the Thugs, approach the victim, who knelt so still that she might have been a statue. . . . Juzzedera held his knife high. He was chanting praises to Kâli the terrible. . . ." The mysticism of India provides an eerie background for Mr. Arthur Greening's dramatic story: the fiendish rites of the Thugs; jungles and hidden temples, and all the lurid savagery of the worshippers of Kâli directed against a young and beautiful girl. Strange and eerie are the adventures that befall the lovers in this exciting romance; the story of their betrothal is clouded by impending calamity—the proximity of Thugs hungry for sacrifices to offer up to their goddess. Danger threatens, then descends like a torrent of despair. Tom Tempest returns from an enforced voyage to England to find the girl he is engaged to missing; a fervid search reveals the fact that she has fallen into the hands of the Thugs. How to rescue her? The task seems impossible. But Tom and Captain Grenford, who also loves the girl but has not had Tom's luck, risk their lives in pursuing her—and one of them pays the great price for his devotion, losing his life in the quest. It is an unusual story, swift in action and full of thrilling episodes.

DUSK. By Marie Bjelke Petersen. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This story is the full-blooded, passionate romance which we associate with Marie Bjelke Petersen. Written round Jack Warren Kerrigan, a good specimen of the type we know as "colonial manhood," the story holds our attention well, with just a suspicion of strain here and there, whilst at times we are really gripped with a tense situation graphically portrayed. A writer who makes one of the central characters an exquisitely beautiful

Autumn, 1922

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woman with a tragic secret is taking on heavy odds, and it is no small tribute to say in this case that we are made to feel the spell of her beauty and to sense the stress and undertow of the hidden tragedy. Again it is a tribute to the essential merit of the plot and of the main characters when we regret that, on occasions, wholly unnecessary and alien melodrama is imported into the story. Undoubtedly Marie Bjelke Petersen knows Tasmania, but her nature backgrounds are violent rather than forceful. Hysterical rhapsodies are a poor substitute for either description or interpretation. The following, and there is much more, leaves one slightly breathless and wholly befogged: "The glorious West which sang ferocious songs by the boiling, churning streams, flung derisive laughter from unscalable peaks, the mocking echo tumbling giddily into gaping ravines. The West that danced in mad glee on dizzy heights, stood dauntless on the edge of precipices, and looked unshaken into brain-reeling deeps!" Indeed!

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. 6s. (Heinemann.)

One's impression of this elusive story is not clear, and a single reading gives no "grip" on what plot there may be. Mr. Baring could write nothing carelessly, but here he has taken up a most strange mixture of psychology and romance, also bewildered us still more by giving us a tale within a tale (always a risky thing to do), and the result is a vague wonder what it is all about. The narrator is blind, and it is through what he "sees," by intuition, and hears in conversation, that the romance is pieced together; a method which might have been triumphantly vindicated by Henry James—whose name occurs several times, with admiration, in the book—but which misses fire handled in this way. The style is perfectly simple and limpid; even to the "he said" and "she said" the author clings persistently; but something is wrong with construction and method. We have a feeling that Mr. Baring was not at all at ease when writing, and that his great gift lies in preserving impressions of travel. "Round the World in Any Number of Days" was a delight; round the world of this blind observer's mind seems a journey in too rarefied a medium, despite all sympathetic approach, to bring the pleasure we had anticipated from so competent a guide.

OUT TO WIN. By Roland Pertwee. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Here is just the book for a man who wants to be taken out of himself. You have no choice. Opening its pages in a leisurely sort of way—presto! you are whisked away and rushed through plot and counterplot until you are dropped with a bang at the end of the book. You have a vague remembrance of a few names, one young man left without cash and void of a single idea how to earn any; another who discovers radium in such quantities that there is no fun in getting fabulously rich—after he has got his concession—which is a breathless and hair-raising experience. There is one young lady who is in love, and another who thinks she is or wants to be. But really there is no time for such weak dalliance. The long arm of coincidence is not long enough—seven league boots would not nearly suffice for such improbable contingencies as the author cheerfully takes in his stride. But it is all so jolly and seems so natural in this Ruritanian world that the reader would be the first to resent a mere pedestrian loyalty to hard facts. The style is admirably adapted to such joyous matter—a clean, utilitarian, definition-of-a-straight-line style which hurls the story along. Emphatically this is not a bedtime story—just the tonic for a man who is out of love with himself and not too charmed with other folk.

THE MORTIMERS. By John Travers (Mrs. G. H. Bell). 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Bell follows up her latest and most ambitious novel, "A Servant When He Reigneth," with another story of English people in India. "The Mortimers" is more successful than the previous volume; written we believe with more ease, and certainly with more felicity. Stormy Sara Mortimer, severed from her splendid husband by circumstances, stays in Russia when he is sent to India, takes part in the Bolshevist struggles and falls under the influence of that strangely fascinating leader, Lavretsky. Rumour comes to John Mortimer's ears that Sara is in love with this man; she writes little and they drift apart, though he loves her. At length she returns to him and lives for a time as the honoured, almost unknown guest in his home. Sara is fiery, wilful and wayward, and silence between husband and wife is maintained for a long time. John is too proud to ask what Lavretsky meant to Sara. Sara does not choose to give an explanation till she finds out if she can care for her Commissioner again. Pictures of Indian life, thumbnail sketches of various types, abound in these pleasantly written pages, but the central interest is excellently sustained and there is a charming, happy ending.

The Bookman's Table.

DEGENERATION IN THE GREAT FRENCH MASTERS. By Jean Carrère. Translated by Joseph McCabe. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This very interesting and suggestive volume contains a great deal of truth together with a great deal of half-truth. Mr. McCabe, who has executed very well the laborious task of translation, tells us something about the author. Jean Carrère was a war correspondent in the days of the ill-omened South African War. "He criticised us" (says Mr. McCabe)—"Heaven knows there was much to criticise—but he made France understand us. . . . He interpreted England and France to each other, and from the rancorous and acrid mutual misconceptions of 1900 we passed quickly to the *Entente*." He then grew into a belief that inspired his present work—a belief in the sanity of true genius, a belief that there are great writers who are clearly wholesome, who lead us upwards to strength and light, and others, great writers too, who leave us with mind overcast and senses quivering. These are the *mauvais maîtres* of his title, who with their gifts seduce and weaken the soul—Sappho and Lucian, Suetonius and Petronius, Villon, Montaigne and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The book is an elaboration of his thesis. We marvel at the inclusion of Montaigne, and Mr. Carrère does not discuss him here at length. He chooses ten moderns—Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, George Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Verlaine, Zola—and discusses each with elaborate illustrations. Mr. Carrère is no Nordau with his journalistic denunciations; he is a real critic, and we believe, even though we doubt if he has fully made out his case in some instances, that he has a genuine case to offer, and that his book is a tract for the times. He is not a mere denier, and never forgets what is rightly due to his illustrious victims. Further, he concludes with an essay on a healthy affirmative poet, Mistral, as an example of the wholesome spirit in literature. The book is one to be enjoyed and deeply considered.

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST. By Sir Herbert Russell. 10s. (Methuen.)

Sir Herbert Russell, who is one of Reuter's chief special correspondents and a son of Clark Russell the novelist, inherited his knack of turning travel to account in the form of clear and interesting narrative, and has had varied and enviable experiences, including long service for Reuter's throughout the war on the Western front. After those four arduous years the opportunity of seeing the East in the company of the Prince of Wales must have come almost with a sense of holiday, and yet there was a great deal more to be done than the average reader might suppose. Princes cannot stir abroad without a deal of routine and etiquette, and the "convenances" to be observed are such as require an adaptable mind. Sir Herbert's account of the tour is so lucid and straightforward as to set all these considerations aside except when it comes to State functions, and here the responsible nature of the trip comes to light repeatedly with a vesture of that gorgeous

colour which only the Orient can show. Sir Herbert's best vein, however, is to reveal the human side of things—the popularity which the Prince created for himself, the boyish and natural affability he showed under trying climate and conditions, and the steady way in which he wore down the factious opposition manufactured for political purposes by Gandhi and his followers. Then again there are plenty of diverting incidents *en route*, especially aboard, and some of the anecdotes recorded are as characteristic as anything we have ever read about the Prince and his staff.

MAROONED IN MOSCOW. By Marguerite E. Harrison. 16s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Russia under the Bolsheviks is a land of mystery. Everything seems to happen in it, even the impossible. Every week Lenin is assassinated or dies of some painful ailment, but the next week he is carrying on business as usual and apparently none the worse for his demise. So many and such contradictory reports of the state of the country and the doings of its rulers have reached us that from believing all we have passed to believing none of them. The value of Miss Harrison's book is that it offers the testimony of an independent eye-witness; she spent eighteen months in Russia, and was more than half the time in prison, but she went in without passports after being forbidden to enter the country, and, accepting the consequences of her daring in the right spirit, remained an obviously impartial judge of the people and the circumstances she had gone to investigate. Before her imprisonment she was allowed to go about with a good deal of freedom; she saw some of the revolutionary leaders, talked with the people in their own homes and saw and heard for herself what manner of life they were living under the new regime. She neither denounces nor eulogises Bolshevism, but candidly criticises it, and comes to the conclusion that the Soviet Government is a real government, and that to vilify and ostracise it is neither just nor businesslike. If the Russians are satisfied with it, what right have outsiders to object to it? There is no lack of adventure and excitement in her story, and it has the value of revealing the truth as it was actually seen by one who had no axe to grind. Her survey is admirably written, and as interesting as it is enlightening.

Music.

GUSTAV HOLST.

By Rodney Bennett.

Copyright, Sydney J. Loch. **Mr. Gustav Holst.**

It is significant that the interview was arranged in the library (which is less a library than a common-room and office) of Morley College, Waterloo Road, that a time was difficult to secure, and that the result was as human and interesting as, considered strictly as an interview, it was unsatisfactory. A small book revealed the fact that his one free time was Thursday morning; and that was abandoned because "there is such a host of things that I ought to get done." The interview eventually began at the Royal College at the end of his day's teaching, and proceeded most variously, all at top speed. It started with a quick tea and debouched into Kensington Gore,

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sadly punctuated by attempts to stop full buses. The top of a bus roaring westward was a haven of comparative but brief calm. The next stage came in Brook Green Road, which leads into the calm backwater where stands St. Paul's Girls' School.

I had intended to write a little about the man and more about his music, probably with some special information; but, looking over my absurdly exiguous notes, I conclude that the task is unjustified; that of new information I have not enough to fill a paragraph. Of fresh and personal impressions I have, on the other hand I find, a number all coloured by a sense of the half unexpected, the incongruous, the apparently paradoxical, and yet, curiously, of the inevitable. I shall therefore confine myself to recording them with no more than such casual references to music as seems relevant to their course. The loss is in any case small. There is little fresh to be told of the work of a man who is so much written about that on one day in one leading newspaper he occupies a full column, and in another fills a considerable space in each of the three columns of its music page. For excellent critical appreciation the reader may be referred to articles by Mr. Edwin Evans * and Dr. Vaughan Williams.† These also contain adequate and authentic biographical material of an outwardly uneventful life. It is late in the day to launch out upon the hackneyed exposition of the fact that, in spite of the original "von," shed for expediency during the war, there is no Teutonic strain in the family; and in any case the matter is of little importance, since the composer's forbears came to England over a century ago, and since he himself is English of the English. The son of a Cheltenham organist and pianist, he too was destined for the keyboard; but even had his taste lain in that direction, the prospect was definitely closed before his twenty-first year by the intervention of a disability which has hampered him as a pianist and conductor—he usually conducts left-handed—but has probably been of service to music by compelling him to concentrate upon teaching and composition. "Twenty-one," he states, "was a notable age for me. I got neuritis. I also got a College scholarship.—No, I had not got one before coming to London. You must get that right. I tried about eight times—piano, composition. But I couldn't do it till I was almost over age." He was, by his own confession, not a successful student. Nor was Dr. Vaughan Williams who, with Mr. Howard Jones, the pianist, was his chief college friend—an interesting note for admirers of the precocious. "None of my work was performed while I was at college, though I wrote stacks. The chief reason was that it wasn't good enough." (Mr. Evans has some illuminating comment upon this statement, which he does not generally dispute.)

There came the problem of earning a living. Piano and organ were out of the question. His stock-in-trade, a brutal term to which he would probably not object, were a certain facility in melody, a trombone and a considerable knowledge of choir-training acquired from an unusually accomplished choir-master in a Cotswold village. The second being the most practicable, he played for eight years in all kinds of orchestras, notably the Scottish and the band of a touring opera company. It has frequently been suggested that this experience helped him greatly towards his notable skill in orchestration. His own comment when I raised the point was: "People say so. I really don't know. I suppose they are right." Probably the truth is that those eight years taught him so much about conventional operatics that, coming later himself to write for the stage, he was able to forget them all, and accustomed him to regard playing from the player's point of view. Certainly he has no use for the lofty disregard of playability upon which certain of the more modernist composers seem to pride themselves, the sort of thing which caused a professional 'cellist recently to remark to me, of a much-discussed work of a much-discussed composer, "His oboe parts would be fine if he didn't give them to the 'cello and his 'cello parts would be great if he didn't divide them between the harp and the French horn."

I could get Mr. Holst to speak little of those early days. "Now," he said, "you don't want any early struggles, do you? Early struggles are all off the point. One can tell pretty stories, of course, but——" and he pursued a bus. I have heard one story that may not be true but ought to be. A group of college men were composing notes upon the summer vacation. "I," said one, "have been to Germany." "I," said another, "have been to such-and-such Festival." "I," said the young Holst, "have been playing trombone on Margate pier." He would say that, and without the faintest suspicion of envy, parade or pose.

I think the first sensation experienced by a stranger upon meeting Mr. Holst would be one of acute disappointment. Looking at this rather short, apparently not very robust man, spectacled, with no particularly notable feature except a fine forehead, walking hurriedly, chronically in a hurry, he would justifiably think: "The composer of 'Beni-mora,' that vivid pageant of the Orient, of 'Savitri,' of 'The Planets,' of the 'Hymn of Jesus,' ought not to be like this. No self-respecting composer with a proper regard for fiction and the Byron-Tennyson-Chopinesque tradition ought to be like this. Of course there was Bach, but——" He might then remember that the creation of any work of art, be it building, picture, poem or symphony, involves an amount of sheer hack-drudgery that the inspirationists wot not of; and, remembering, think again. Further acquaintance would probably cause him to concede that this lack of picturesqueness was more than atoned for by geniality, humour, approachability, a breadth of philosophy and culture too rare in music, a naturalness, an absence of pose and of arrogance positively astonishing, and an apparently invincible optimism. After all, a man is permanently more interesting than a musician. His next shock would result from an examination of Mr. Holst's time-table. Teaching of composition at the Royal College; at University College, Reading; and at Morley College and St. Paul's Girls' School—orchestra, class-singing and composition—where he went nearly twenty years ago, finally abandoning trombonism. Teaching, teaching—about five days a week of it. His comment would be: "When does he find time to compose? It is a pity that

* *Musical Times*, 1919, September to October.
† *Music and Letters*, 1920, July and October.

hack-work is inevitable unless a man be blessed with a large private income." The question would be natural, the implicit conclusion wrong-headed.

To write about Mr. Holst without mentioning his teaching would be to miss what is perhaps the most self-illuminating part of his life. He teaches not merely because first-class music does not provide a living, but because he delights to teach. He would certainly be a less fine composer if he did not teach. He would certainly be a less happy one. To analyse this would be interesting; but I must be content with a brace of sayings which sum up the matter completely enough. The first was made to me by a pupil of his: "He has Job's own patience. If you do anything really dreadful he says, 'Yes. This is quite bad. We all do this sort of thing.' He rarely tells you a thing as a fact, but illustrates the point from essays and books and poems. If you are doing well he makes you go on—draws out what you have." Which is literally education at its best. The other saying is his own. We were discussing the absurdly inadequate allocation of time for music in schools. "I don't know that the time matters," he concluded. "It is what music means to them that counts. The same with composition. I tell them not to do any if they don't want to. They do it, you know. They think it rather a joke." His secret is a pervasive enthusiasm. It inspires an energetic band of self-constituted assistants, including several promising young composers, to whom he referred while he hunted in his sound-proof room at St. Paul's for orchestral parts of Purcell's "Gordian Knot" to take on to Morley College that night: "They look after me, you see. Two separate notices on my desk not to forget. I wish someone would endow them all with large incomes."

To the question, "When does he get time to compose?" the answer is, "During the summer holidays in the sound-proof room already mentioned." About Easter he decides what to write, or, as it would be better expressed, selects from his mind ideas that may be twenty years old, and thinks them over during the term, then works them out, usually with extreme slowness in the artificial quietude of August. A recent result was the words and music of a one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool," "which is meant to be funny." The ballet has been twice heard, the score is down for production by Novello and performance is promised for next year. The work was privately heard a few days since, but for the moment details are withheld. Asked to suggest briefly his method of composition I should postulate extreme concentration and constant elimination. The results in the finished work are simplicity of means—not Debussy himself omitted more notes—unfailing sureness of what is to be said and directness in saying it, tremendously virile rhythm, and—without which these and all his energy and skill would go for nothing—what is called inwardness, a calm, a curious serenity and control which underlies even the most strenuous and hilarious of the "Planets." The chief characteristic of the man is restless energy; of his music, repose.

This is not the exact word. I have not yet hit it. Others suggest themselves—security, self-possession, poise, grandeur, calm, and a dozen more that help but

GUSTAV HOLST

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do not complete. To experience a sensation is fortunately easier than to define it. I remember the curious still charm of the Four Songs for voice and violin, so memorably produced by Miss Megan Foster and Mr. Reed—one wishes also to hear Miss Silk sing them in London; of "Savitri," * for which the composer studied and drew his libretto from the Sanskrit; of the heart-stirring energy of "The Planets"; above all of the ethereal loveliness of the echo choir in "The Hymn of Jesus." I shall not readily forget those serene voices drifting out into the wide spaces of the Albert Hall, nor the physical drag of returning to an ordinary seat in the crude blueness of Queen's Hall after the hidden choir at the end of "Neptune" had faded into a silence which, staying suspended for a matter of moments, showed a more acute appreciation of its stark beauty than the storm of applause which shattered them. I had not experienced that sensation since, as a very small boy, I fell off my seat on a chair back at the sheer shock of the most poignant moment of "Gerontius."

NATIONAL MUSIC †

Mr. G. Jean-Aubry is known to many musical persons as the ingenious gentleman who edits *The Chesterian*, that pleasing combination of magazine and publisher's circular. If you don't know *The Chesterian*, ask for it, and see that you get it. Some of the essays in the present volume were first published (in English) in that periodical. They are so good that no ordinary musical magazine would have accepted them.

Of course you are not bound to agree with all that Mr. Jean-Aubry declares. He is an ultra-modernist—very properly, because if you are going to be a modernist at all you ought to be an ultra. There is certainly no half-faced fellowship about Mr. Jean-Aubry. His thesis, briefly put, is that we are all too much intimidated by the German classical composers. The part played by the classics in our teaching, our playing, our study and our enjoyment is, he says bluntly, quite excessive; and the result is a cramping of national development.

There is much truth in the contention; but this admission must not carry us too far. The very young who, hearing such things, feel called upon to go about execrating Beethoven as the arch-classic, have missed the point, which is not that Beethoven should be abolished but that Beethoven should be supplemented. The old academic teachers tended to make people feel about Beethoven as Mark Twain felt about Michelangelo, "that the thing was growing monotonous"; especially as their notion of Beethoven did not extend much beyond the Septet and the Op. 27 Sonatas.

The bad effect of certain classical masters upon national music can be nowhere illustrated so well as in England. The arrival of Handel in this country was a disaster from which we have not yet recovered. After Handel came Mendelssohn; and after Mendelssohn came Brahms. Within the memory of many living amateurs, English music was officially represented by the Festivals at which Doctors of Music produced their annual imitations of "Elijah" and the "German Requiem." When Sullivan died, the graver obituaries reproached him with writing comic operas out of his own head instead of oratorios out of Mendelssohn's. An inquiry into the reasons for the extinction of genuine English music by this succession of Germans would lead to some interesting conclusions. We hope some one will undertake it.

Mr. Jean-Aubry's volume is full of good things—stimulating, disputable, enlightening; and its value is increased by a very full and careful bibliography—almost the only thing of its kind obtainable. We recommend the book heartily to all lovers of music.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* Shortly to be published by Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb.

† "La Musique et les Nations." By G. Jean-Aubry. 6 francs. (Chester.)

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

DANCE, LITTLE FRIEND. Music by Herbert Brewer. Lyric by Rose Fyleman. (Enoch.)

A charming little song. The verses almost sing themselves, there is such a lilting rhythm in them. The composer has caught their spirit, and his setting is fresh and dainty and full of vivacity.

FAIRY-RINGS. Music by Ernest Howard. Words by Alan Fenwick. (Paxton.)

There is nothing new in the idea contained in this song, but it has a pleasing melody.

THE SILENT HIGHWAY. By Percy Elliott. (Paxton.)

These four "Thames Silhouettes" for the piano are good. In "Greenwich Way" we have a sprightly 'May Day Dance. In "Cleopatra's Needle" a melodious reverie. "Old Chelsea," with its sub-title of "Souvenir," is a graceful gavotte, while "Taggs Island" is a valse-mazurka that goes with a delightful swing.

COUNTRY IDYLS—To a Cowslip; Poem; My Little Brook. By Leonard Butler. (Augener.)

Three short pieces, tuneful, but without particular distinction.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. By H. Baynton-Power. (Larway.)

A number of fairly easy "impressions" for the piano, which record, among other pleasant melodies, "The Call of the Blue Bird" and the "Dance of the Living Flowers."

JUST A WISTFUL DREAM. Music by Donald Crichton. Lyric by John Yorke Bailey. (Enoch.)

Both words and music lack just the necessary touch to lift them above the commonplace.

ROUND THE WORLD. Music by Clifton Winterton. Described by Gilbert Forsyth. (Paxton.)

This book of easy pianoforte pieces is described as "A Musical Tour personally conducted by Fairy Atlas." The book contains seven pieces with titles such as "Madrid," "Pekin," "Cairo," etc., finishing up with "Paris." The scheme could have been made much more attractive. The Fairy Atlas's remarks lack imagination. When she has only a few lines to say at the commencement of each piece, why waste space in saying: "We cannot stop very long as we have so many other places . . ." etc., and "It didn't take us long to fly here from Madrid, did it?" etc. Each tune has an echo of the kind of music one associates with the various cities named.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

Messrs. Edwin Ashdown:

"Romantic Suite." By Alec Rowley. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Augener:

"Quartet for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello." By Frederick Delius. 10s.
"Rhythmic Studies for Violoncello." By R. V. Tabb. 3s.
"Mozart." For Violin and Piano. Minuet in D. 1s. 6d.
"Soirees de Budapest." For Violin and Piano. By O. Rieding. "Reverie," 2s.; "Souvenir," 3s.
Works for Piano. By Angelo Casiraghi. "Danza Dei Contadini" (Peasants' Dance), 2s. 6d.; "Mille Fiori" (Valse), 2s.
"Caprice." For Violoncello and Piano. By Ludwig Lebell. 2s.
"Polonaise in D Minor." For Violoncello and Piano. By Ludwig Lebell. 3s.

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"A Claudio Debussy." For Pianoforte. By G. Francesco Malipiero. 1s. 6d.
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Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land." Transcribed for Violin and Pianoforte. By Fritz Kreisler. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons :

"Vignettes." Four Songs. By Landon Ronald. 3s. 6d.
"Five English Songs." For medium voice and Pianoforte. By Julius Harrison. 4s.
"Dance, Little Friend." Lyric by Rose Fyleman. Music by Herbert Brewer. 2s.
"Just a Wistful Dream." Lyric by John Yorke Bailey. Music by Donald Crichton. 2s.
"My Pretty One." Lyric by W. A. Stokes. Music by John R. Heath. 2s.
"A Lullaby." Song for medium voice and Pianoforte. Lyric by Sheila MacCarthy. Music by Arnold Bax. 2s.
"Soprano Album of Five Songs." Music by C. Chaminade. 3s. 6d.

The Drama.

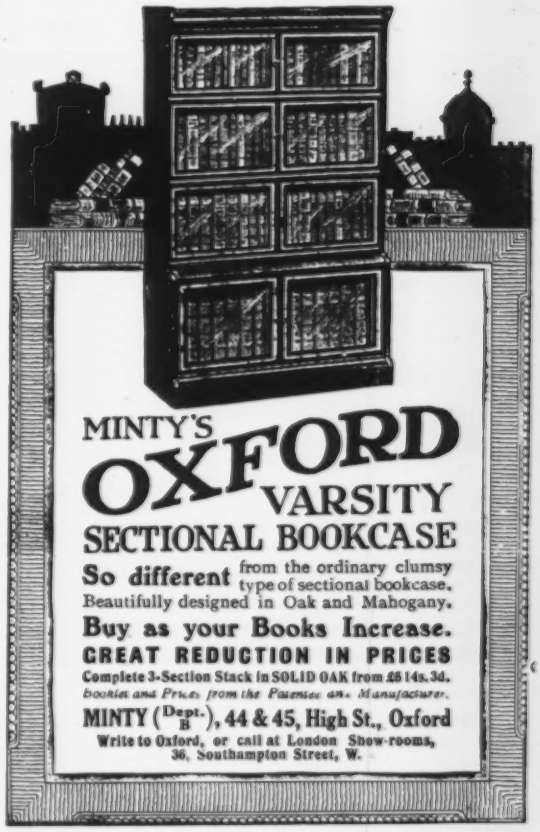
A MIXED BAG.*

November, that brings the sportsman his most mixed bag, does the same for reviewers; samples of everything come in just now, including "rabbits." Here is as varied a collection as one could wish: "The Risk," high-class melodrama; "A Tale of Young Lovers," high-brow melodrama (not quite the same thing); "Judas," a study of the most famous of that name; "Sweet William," lighter than light-comedy; lastly, "Body and Soul" by Mr. Arnold Bennett, which is, well, just Arnold Bennett; a writer's pie (a "scouse" as Lancashire says) of topical ingredients, rather too formless for a play, yet held together by pressure of a personality which is at its sanest when it is most delicately funny. It is the first choice of the new Regent Theatre, which Mr. Nigel Playfair may yet turn into an Everyman for us creatures of outer darkness who cannot live in Hampstead. Readers who visited it there found it fairly well played—very well indeed by Miss Nan Marriott Watson and that fine actor, Mr. Baliol Holloway. Cuts in the dialogue were compensated by one or two verbal improvements, and some delightfully preposterous scenery quite beggared the printed direction for the first act. Yet Mr. Bennett has given us better fare. A lady behind me complained bitterly that it was unworthy of "The Old Wives' Tale." That is not quite the point; success in widely different modes has ever been a feature of this author's craft. Say rather that it is unworthy of "The Grand Babylon Hotel." It is a hurried, patchy piece of work; and not all its hits at current absurdities quite manage to save it.

Mr. Claude Houghton.

Author of "Judas" (Daniel).

* "Body and Soul." 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Sweet William" and "The Risk." 3s. 6d. and 3s. (Duckworth.)—"A Tale of Young Lovers." 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Judas." 3s. 6d. (Daniel.)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"Sweet William" is even lighter fare. Arch, lively, full of laughter and stage possibilities, it is called comedy by its author though it is much nearer to farce. But it is no ordinary farce, "broad" farce, men-sitting-on-eggs. And it is certainly not narrow; there is a bedroom scene in it at once piquant and innocent. Let us say, farce-fantasy, —the sort of thing the next generation will perhaps label "the Milne style," with some injustice in this case to Mr. Keble Howard who does it equally well. It is fragile as thistledown and needs as light a touch, as actors can tell you—all the gossamer beauty of young love without the prosaic prickles. Even the aftermath of war is turned to laughter and hope. For four acts it weaves a spell of "silly sooth; and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age" whose youth is immortal.

"The Risk" at any rate is full-blooded enough—a very storm in a test-tube! There was some attempt to gain publicity for "André Pascal's" play, when produced at the Strand, by making a medical scandal of it. Doctors may sleep o' nights, however, whether in London or Paris. Armand Revard is not a real-life doctor. But he is splendidly theatrical, and was conceived humanly enough to give Mr. Bourchier a great part in a curiously unequal play. Revard stood almost alone in the first two acts; for there was no bite in the rest of the acting, though Mr. Reginald Bach, getting off the obvious track for obvious reasons, studied his moneylender on convincingly original lines, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes had his moments as Charrier, and an unnamed guest ate a banana unforgettably in the reception scene. But Mr. Bourchier's production gave little help to this first half of the piece, where help is most sorely needed. The great man's consulting-room, a deafening clash of styles and colours, would have put any cultured patient into a nervous breakdown; and the reception scene was like stump-oratory in the lee of a coffee-stall. From the reporters' entrance in the third act, however, the play improved remarkably and worked up to a climax of fine acting which deserved more than its three and a half weeks' run. The death scene was magnificent; and one could picture Mr. José Levy (who translates the play) dropping in to the last act whenever he felt homesick for the Grand Guignol, and going home comforted.

"A Tale of Young Lovers" was produced successfully last year by the Nottingham Repertory Company, one of those gallant ventures which are slowly easing the yoke of bondage to the commercial theatre from young dramatists' necks. Here again, as in "The Risk," one's judgment is troubled by the discrepancy that often exists between playwriting and literature. The play is effective enough in a melodramatic fashion—that is, by putting "situation" first and probability nowhere. Warring dukes pass freely through each other's lines; characters labour under an ignorance of public events and personages which seems miraculous even in the thirteenth century, before broadcasting was invented; and the plot turns on those hinges of all melodrama, a sister's love for a brother whom she has never known, and a misunderstanding which would be cleared up in two minutes of real life. Yet the play does contrive to maintain a rising interest, and the last scene gets clean away from melodrama in an inspired "curtain" which atones for a great deal. The blank verse is disappointing; the two main characters exhaust all its good lines; and the remainder, if not quite what Henley and Stevenson called "tushery," is terribly near it. Mr. Cecil Roberts would have been well advised to omit the prologue: better still to shun print altogether and rest on the laurels of a stage success.

To turn from this to "Judas," the other blank verse piece, is to pass from darkness to dawn. A fine play, full of imagination and sympathy. There is little drama in the traditional Judas, a petty huckster of treachery, immortalised only by his Victim's greatness: lesser leaders have been more interestingly betrayed. Mr. Claude Houghton's hero—for this Judas is cast in the heroic mould—is a very different type. Proud, solitary, a scholar-poet, a dreamer and mystic, we first meet him just before his call. He is embittered, despairing of man's lot not in Jewry alone (a fine touch, this) but throughout the "prison-house of tyranny" in which he sees all mankind. He is more ripe for Christ's message than any other disciple; and once called to apostleship he is the giant figure, head and shoulders above the rest in intellect, with an odd echo at times of Marlowe's heroes and their great-souled dreams. The play's turning point is the raising of Lazarus; Judas next appears more deep in his despair than before; Christ's power is certain, yet the golden age is not come. Would not so subtle a thinker have foreseen that it must come slowly? Perhaps it is the Marlovian element in Judas that cannot brook the delay. He sees the Christ in whom he believes so passionately, who has already vanquished sorrow and death, fall back on dreams and prophecies while evil remains enthroned. In an ecstasy of faith, proudly contemptuous of the disciples' horror, he betrays Christ in order to hasten the issue. The great tragedy is enacted: but the best scene of the play is yet to come. When all others have recanted and fled, Judas's loyalty rises triumphant. Jesus is not God, it seems; He is false, a mockery; it remains then that God is evil and merciless, Truth itself a lie. In this thought, rather than in remorse for his action, Judas goes out to his doom.

A great theme, done greatly. It will be interesting to see what West End manager is bold enough to produce it. Some readers may find in it the play of the year. In any case, it is worth the rest of these five put together.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

DIFFICULTIES: AN ATTEMPT TO HELP. By Seymour Hicks. 10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Seymour Hicks—of all persons!—has attempted to compose an up-to-date version of William Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men." Aiming to assist that class of youths who "knock about indiscriminately with women," Mr. Hicks has thought fit to embody his counsel in language understood by the man in the street and accordingly adopts a style the merit of which is a stark outspokenness, the vice a slap-dash facetiousness. Fortunately the author's matter is better than his manner. His advice on personal hygiene, the choosing of friends, consideration for others, occupation, sport, gambling, smoking, drinking, books and recreations, the management of money, the contraction of marriage, and the avoidance of venereal disease is quite admirably sound and sensible. Whether it was well for Mr. Hicks to touch on the subject of sexual perversion in a book of this kind is perhaps open to doubt. But this certainly may be said of "Difficulties" that it is a thoroughly courageous book which evades none of the problems of adolescence.

MR. DRINKWATER'S "MARY STUART."

I have not read Mr. Drinkwater's latest play; so, having witnessed its performance on the stage of Everyman Theatre, I cannot be quite certain whether the leading player represented or misrepresented her part. But I saw Mary Stuart pace the stage as a more or less hypnotised person. I heard her bewail again and again her inability to secure a man equal to her own "magnanimity," and I watched her as she threw Riccio to the wolves with gentle indifference and listened to his dying screams with superb insouciance. I think therefore that Miss Laura Cowie did no injustice to her author in representing Mary Stuart as a cold-blooded egomaniac who, trying to believe that she is a victim of fate, makes experiments on the emotions of her lovers. That such a Queen of Scots is the Mary neither of history nor of romance and deprives her impersonator of any opportunity of showing her mettle I need hardly say. The Darnley of the production had a better chance and took it. I have never seen Mr. Harcourt Williams to such great advantage. He gave a startlingly sinister and flamboyant piece of acting and put life into the dry bones of the play every time he appeared. When Mr. Harold Scott sang I found him a tolerable Riccio; but I thought he made a comic or a comic-operatic lover. L. B.

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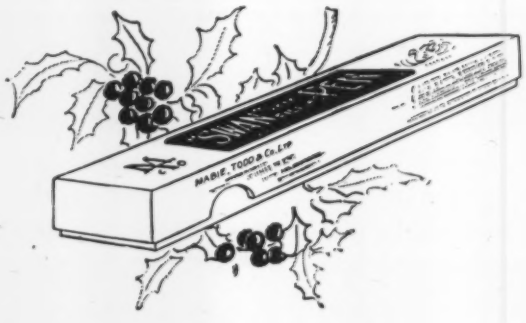

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